



Story of the Royal Canadian Mounted

Condensed from *The Mentor* (March, '28)

John B. Kennedy

IN July, 1874, Blackfoot Indians of the Alberta Plains rubbed their eyes in wonder at a column of horsemen in vivid colors—bright red and blue and white gauntlets. On a thousand-mile trail from Calgary to Dufferin six troops of horsemen, each troop with distinctively colored mounts, rode with field guns and covered wagons for the first massed patrol of the Northwest Mounted Police.

This was the beginning of a new era of law and order in vast spaces that knew up to that time only sullenly fierce aborigines or bold white adventurers, intractable and unscrupulous. Their first commander gave them their motto: "When the law is broken, *get your man!*" Testimony to its unflinching application is the monumental prestige of this organization, crowned by King Edward VII, when, as a mark of approbation, he celebrated the redcoats' 30th anniversary by giving them the privilege of calling themselves "Royal."

Sir John MacDonald, first prime minister of Canada, initiated the idea of a special police force for the Yukon and allied territories. The limitless West, still unformed into provinces, was literally a No Man's Land: the chill refuge of nomad Indian nations, many driven from

the East by white encroachment. These tribes were at the same time a prey and a menace to the trappers and prospectors who braved the perils of the unknown for adventure and reward, without much regard for the methods by which either was obtained.

MacDonald stressed, above all things, that the new force must be a Spartan organization of picked men, free from "fuss and feathers," a uniformed civil force as distinguished from a military body. He emphasized its independence of political factions whether of church or state and formulated a rigid discipline and scale of promotion for merit alone. The pay was less than \$1 a day, with hours *unlimited!* It averages now about \$1.75 or \$2 a day with bonuses and service increases, the recruit starting at \$1.25 a day. All candidates were required to pass strict mental and physical tests, and married men were tacitly ineligible on account of the exigencies of the service.

For the first half of their 50-year existence these "Riders of the Plains" were concerned primarily with managing the roving tribes of Indians. Thinning out of the buffalo herds depleted hunting, and gradually the Indians came to the verge of

starvation, so that the point would have been reached where their only recourse would have been desperate attack on the sparsely populated white settlements.

As the Canadian West developed, the provincial governments soon grew sufficiently powerful to maintain order within their borders. This narrowed the range of the Northwest Mounted to federal territory excluded from provincial limits. Likewise it particularized their duties, which became police work pure and simple rather than the quasi-military functions which made their posts so many garrisons in the early years.

Embracing the Yukon, and sweeping across the farthest rim of the North American continent, the Mounties kept a ceaseless vigil from year's end to year's end, the rigors of their life unparalleled by any body of police in the world. And it is sufficient tribute to the care with which material for the force was selected, trained and treated that not once in their half-century's history *has any scandal tainted their record.*

When the Yukon was a magic name the Northwest Mounties *at a dollar a day* kept faithful watch over their vast patrol. Drunken and desperate men made and lost fortunes, vice and extravagance were rampant, venial guardians of the law could have profited easily in the turmoil of gold finding. But while disorder and even anarchy sometimes rendered terrible the lot of the fortune hunters in Alaska, across the border in Canada law and order prevailed undisturbed.

The Mounties became the reliance of all people, of whatever race or color, compelled to live north of latitude 64 degrees, and when, after the Boer War, duties as postal carriers were added to their burden they proved themselves as competent to blaze trails as to guard them. They sliced the pack trail from Edmonton to the Yukon, a distance of 1000 miles, building rest houses and caches every 30 miles. From Yukon to the Peace River they carved another trail, and far up into the "suburbs" of the North Pole they have carried the royal mail, a symbol of civilization the world over.

The story of their heroisms is voluminous. When Indians reported to Sergeant Anderson in the Yukon territory that they had seen two white men prospecting a creek in the early summer, and later had observed only one white man, the sergeant devoted his entire time for a whole year trailing the missing white man, finally bringing to justice Charles King of Utah, who paid the penalty for the murder of Edward Hayward.

Constable Pennycuik of Alberta figured conspicuously some 15 years ago in one of the most sensational murder trials ever held in the Northwest. Four men from Seattle had gone into the Yukon wilderness. One of them, O'Brien, came back alone. Pennycuik demanded that O'Brien explain the absence of his companions, and when the explanation proved unsatisfactory the constable began a two years' search through summer heat and winter ice for evidence. He found it in the skeletons of the murdered men. O'Brien was tried and although the case cost the Government \$100,000 it served as an example of the indefatigable vigilance of the Northwest Mounted.

The world shuddered in 1913, when word flashed from the frozen North that four men had been murdered by Eskimos. For 321 days two Mounties followed the trail, exhausting their supplies and living on raw deer and musk-ox meat. But they got their man.

Sergeant Blue of Saskatchewan received warning from a U. S. marshal that two murderers had escaped across the line. "Send your strongest squad to arrest these fellows," the American advised. Blue disguised himself as a farm laborer—the Mounties have the privilege of disguise—found the men hired out as harvest laborers, managed to separate and arrest them one at a time, then mailed this report to the U. S. marshal:

*To the U. S. marshal of County Boone,
Greetings I give to you.
My squad has captured the wanted men.
And the squad is Sergeant Blue.*

The Mounted "get their man," no matter what it costs in time, or money.



Catholic Opinion

Excerpts from The Atlantic Monthly (March, '28)

See note on inside back cover

FROM Helen Bevington: "If the practices of the Catholic Church were as meaningless as 'Anonymous' pictures them I should long ago have abandoned such hypocrisy. However, one need only be present, not on a Sunday, when it is required, but at a five o'clock Mass on some dark First Friday morning, to be convinced otherwise. I invite him to watch the silent devotion of some poor old workingman, or some beautiful girl."

From a New York critic: "It is claptrap to object to the use of Latin, for the people have prayer books in which they have the whole Mass and liturgy explained. . . . The sacraments of Baptism, Matrimony, Extreme Unction, and others, are printed both in Latin and in the vernacular in all ritual books, as your correspondent ought to know. . . . To say that the people 'need not bother their heads about what is going on' at Mass is not only to be ignorant of Catholic teaching, but seems to border on the dishonest."

From a Paulist father: "The burden of celibacy is the last thing on priests' minds. Are priests the only celibates? Isn't the world half filled with bachelors? Anonymous asks, How can an unmarried man advise on the delicate problems of sex? Decent people need no advisor. Must a specialist in obstetrics be a husband? Must a lawyer whose specialty is the divorce court have a wife?"

"As to the use of Latin: For Catholics the Mass is not a language, but an act, a sacrifice, surrounded by certain ceremonies. Its tongue means nothing to the people. Its quiet, its silence, mean something to their souls, even when no prayer book is in their hands. Israel Zangwill compares the Mass to the cataract of Niagara. Anyone speaking any tongue can understand Niagara. Its language is universal. It sends solemnity to the soul;

silent yet thunderful, mighty and majestic; its torrent falls through day and night."

From the Rev. Virgil Michel, St. John's Abbey, Minn.: "All my experience belies the statement that candidates for the priesthood 'are simply supposed to memorize the ideas handed down by great minds which have gone before'; as well as the assertion that 'solutions' and 'interpretations' are simply to be memorized mechanically and then automatically given forth in examinations. All of this, as almost everything else in the article, is precisely the description of Catholicism given by non-Catholics."

"I shall say nothing about celibacy or the universal language of Latin, since just in our own day prominent non-Catholic divines have envied and have spoken of emulating these features. . . . Much of the article deals with the 'routine' and 'formalism' of Catholic religious life. 'To be saved, it suffices for the people to follow the routine mapped out by the priest.' This is news to me. . . . 'Physical presence fulfills the precept.' This is so false that I cannot suppress the impulse to express my suspicion of bad faith in the writer. If it is not that, it is the grossest ignorance."

From Miss Ellen G. Starr, of Hull House: "One wonders how a person who regards, as does this author, the general practice of his Church as perfunctory, rigid, and devoid of spontaneity, joy and freedom, can account for the numbers of converts flowing into the Catholic Church from non-Catholic bodies, especially the Anglican, in England and the United States—these largely from educated classes. One's own acquaintance furnishes many recent examples. . . . Why should these free beings voluntarily put their necks under a yoke so galling?"

From the Rev. James H. Cotter, Ohio:

"He declares that the priest makes a mistake when 'he rates the spirituality of his parish, not by the lives of his people, but by the attendance at Mass and the number of Communions and confessions.' The iconoclastic scribe puts the cart before the horse, for the good lives of the people are begotten from these very sources,—Mass and the Sacraments,—otherwise he would belittle the efficacy of Christ's institution."

From Michael Williams, Catholic Editor: "If what Saint Paul says is true for all men, that they can serve God better without marrying, how much more true of the priest, whose whole life is to be devoted to God's interests. Moreover, there are all sorts of practical reasons for the disciplinary matter of clerical celibacy, economic reasons prominent among them, none of which reasons are so much as hinted at by the anonymous author. . . . He would have the non-Catholic infer that attendance at Mass is a merely mechanical act, and he condemns the Church for mere formalism. A well-trained Catholic school-boy could explain that deliberate irreverence and inattention at Mass are always sinful. Prayer is, in the Catholic view, an elevation of the soul to God; and, from the very nature of man who prays to God, his sovereign Lord demands all the reverence of which man is capable."

"When this singular priest writes about the Confession, a layman asks himself if he really can be a priest at all, so woefully is this solemn, this delicate, this holy, this beautiful, this truly divine thing, this consolation of consolations, misrepresented. No priest ever degrades the sacrament to a 'meaningless formulary.' . . . The most important part of the sacrament, as Catholics are constantly reminded, is true and sincere sorrow for sins committed and the serious resolve to avoid them in future. The confession of sin is necessary, but it does not involve the intimate process indicated by the Atlantic writer. To say, as does our author, that the priest 'must pass upon the most intimate relations of connubial life' is utterly misleading in its implication that detailed descriptions of sex impulses must be listened to from 'the lips of both men and women.' Penitents are checked if they think they are talking to a psychoanalyst and not a priest. They must respect the modesty of the

confessional. The resolve to reform, arising from sorrow for past offenses, is the crucial matter for every good confession. This is an intensely personal thing, and of its very nature excludes the danger of formalism."

From the Bishop of the Diocese of Bismarck, N. D.: "Is it the business of a just and fair-minded publisher to publish these articles? Since when has the forum of the Atlantic Monthly become the proper place where religious questions are to be debated? Our Catholic Church has her diocesan synods, her provincial councils, and, most of all, has the Holy See, to decide matters of religion. . . . The fact is, there is only one true Church founded by Christ,—that is, the Catholic Church,—and your opposition to her is anti-christian."

Comment by the Editor of The Atlantic Monthly: "This is not a discussion of the sanctions of religion, but of the human prudence and wisdom of certain policies of the Roman Catholic Church. If it is wrong to discuss them, then as certainly it is wrong to discuss the policies of other churches. Much can be said for parochial schools. Much may be said against them. The point is this: Should a topic vital to education in our country be immune to discussion? If that be so, we must not allude to Methodist interference with schools where evolution is taught, or to public dangers involved through lack of religious instruction in our public schools. All alike are American problems. Their implications are immense. Shall we leave them to the malice of whispering tongues, or shall we discuss them aloud, temperately and with good will?"

"One other fact is pertinent to this discussion. Here is a topic of intense interest which has elicited a correspondence almost unparalleled in our experience, but not one newspaper in the United States (barring church publications) has mentioned it. The topic is absolutely and consciously tabu. A similar debate upon Protestant issues would be a favorite, almost a universal, subject for discussion. Is it well for the Republic, is it well for the Roman Catholic Church, that her affairs, and her affairs only, are outside the pale of public debate? Here is matter for thought."

Billionarea

Condensed from the Ladies' Home Journal (March, '28)

Clara Belle Thompson

"**Y**OU naughty child!" said the English nurse to Junior, aged three, who had gotten into mischief. "Now you go straightaway to the yard and stay there!"

So Junior went. He went from his sun room, past his sleeping rooms, bath and shower, through his play rooms, across his porch and into his garden—12 stories above the street. The landscape artist who had laid it out collected \$10,000, while the architect who handled the nursery proper drew three times as much. For Junior lives on the top of a Park Avenue apartment house in the most moneyed stronghold of New York aristocracy.

Fifty years ago Park Avenue was a roof over the tracks of the New York Central Railroad, with no pretension whatever. Today it has become the residential successor of Fifth Avenue. Its yearly expenditures are more than \$280,000,000, with one apartment house boasting of its own 60 millionaires. "Billionarea" the tradesmen call it, and billionarea it is—smart, exclusive and shining with gold. Food alone is listed conservatively at \$20,000,000 in the *Park Avenue Social Review*, the official and nonpurchasable organ of the Park Avenue Association.

One man on Park Avenue has a country residence, across the bay from which is a favorite clubhouse of his. By motor, over a beautiful roadway, it is 70 minutes distant. But a speed boat can clip the waters in a scant 14. Recently, therefore, he purchased six at a nominal \$7000 per boat—one for himself, one each for his wife, his son and his daughter, and the two others for guests.

Living comes high. A nice luncheon at one of the small, smart hotels that the avenue patronizes almost as often as it does its homes, can be served at \$15 a

plate. However, an adequate one may be managed at \$7. A hostess will give about 14 such luncheons in the course of the season and have guests varying in number from 6 to 18. Flowers and table decoration will add from \$40 to \$100 more. Dinners, of course, come about twice as high; though a real dinner party may cost almost any amount.

A gentleman recently announced his daughter's engagement and entertained for 50 of her friends. He transformed a hotel suite into a Chinese garden with the aid of an artist decorator and \$15,000 worth of flowers. The dinner, which cost just \$25 a plate, was carefully worked out. There were caviar à la Russe with pancakes and whipped cream, green-turtle soup, imported English turbot, duckling with Madeira sauce and asparagus with oranges, mousse of cold ham with romaine salad, peaches freshly brought from southern France, ice cream, cakes and coffee. After dinner three orchestras at a total cost of \$1800 provided dance music until 12:30, when a retinue of Chinese cooks slipped in and served a real Chinese supper at \$5 per supper. Then arrived 15 Broadway stars (\$6000 worth, to be accurate) who stayed to a man until the five o'clock breakfast. This proved to be a simple English affair of fruit juices, kippered herring, bacon and eggs and muffins, and cost only \$3.50 a plate. At six o'clock, when the party concluded, a discriminating eye might have found the guests as wilted as the flowers, but by that time there were no discriminating eyes.

Of course no small part of the expense of any luncheon or dinner is in the decorations. Bon voyage dinners lend themselves charmingly to a mirror sea that carries a tiny steamer with the Statue of Liberty on one side and London Tower on the other. The corsages for the girls and

the boutonnières for the men will carry out the color scheme of the tables and the room.

A luncheon table was recently transformed into a complete Italian garden, with miniature fountains at each end. Trailing smilax joined the guests loosely to one another, and smilax was festooned also in the formal trees that, planted in tubs, lined the walls of the room. In this case the decorations cost \$750.

No woman on Park Avenue would try to manage with less than 25 pairs of shoes, at a cost of \$35 to \$250 a pair, or a dozen hats from \$25 to \$100. Gowns have a wider range, from as low as \$50 to more than \$1000. Fifty would be the average number. Plain hose run around \$8 a pair in the exclusive Park Avenue shops, while fancy hose may be as much as \$50. A woman not long ago came home from Paris with one trunk in which she was carrying 600 pairs of hose at \$7.50 a pair. The fact that she lost her trunk is incidental.

Children's clothes are expensive too. Just before his son was born, one father had to pay duty on a \$12,000 layette that his wife had ordered in Paris. It requires from \$1000 to \$6000 to usher any Park Avenue baby into being, sartorially speaking. I talked to a girl who has a studio shop on the Avenue and who outfits many of the babies herself. She showed me sheer christening robes at \$50, \$100, \$150; petticoat slips for \$12; a bassinet for \$150.

One Park Avenue bride included in her trousseau \$10,000 worth of linen. Among other things she had six pairs of sheets for each of her five beds, with the bottom sheet of soft English percale at \$10.50 and the top of hand-woven linen with Spanish hand embroidery at \$65 to \$95 each. Pillowcases to match averaged \$40 a pair. Bath towels following the color of the room were \$6 apiece, and she required six dozen of them.

Within the three-mile area that constitutes Park Avenue, families are economically housed at \$7000 a year; comfortably at \$20,000; or luxuriously at \$40,000, until the grand total rentals reach \$18,000,000. But silver, china, glass, draperies and furniture mount into additional staggering

sums, hardly covered by the estimated annual outlay of \$15,000,000.

One apartment required over two years in the hands of a decorator, who spent five months in Europe collecting for it old rugs and furniture. She had been given *carte blanche*, yet it was with some trepidation that she presented a bill for a quarter of a million. One hour later, without a question, the account was settled!

Then there must be servants and motors, and certainly an ocean voyage and a trip to Florida within the year. A country place, of course, and jewelry—not one set but half a dozen sets suitable for various gowns—and membership in clubs. While the club dues alone may not exceed \$2000 or \$3000 a year, incidentals may run into \$30,000 or more. One man, for instance, recently entertained a dozen friends over the week-end. His greens fees at \$10 a guest for Friday, Saturday and Sunday were \$360, while other club courtesies, including tips, cost him an additional \$250.

There must be medical attention too. A man and his wife were both having trouble with their eyes. The woman made her appointment from her house, had her consultation and received a bill for \$150. The husband, who has a strain of canny Scotch, wrote for an appointment, giving a Bronx address and a changed name. He sent his man for the answer to his letter, had his consultation satisfactorily and paid for it in full with a \$10 note.

One woman's indulgence takes the form of fans, and her collection includes several thousand from all parts of the world. And in charge of and presiding over them all is a lady who is a handy compendium of fan information. Another woman's interest is orchids. On her country estate she has built an East Indian house, a Mexican house, and a cool house to shelter her thousands of plants. She sends men to Africa, to India, to Asia and to South America to find rare blossoms for her cultivation; and she has just bought two fine specimens from Ecuador which cost her \$12,000 apiece. Then there are the dog fanciers, the bibliophiles, and women who have spent 20 years matching pearls.

Park Avenue moves serenely about its business of spending \$280,000,000 annually, undisturbing and undisturbed.

Extern

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (March, '28)

Charles Anthony Robinson

ON the register of the Lying-In Hospital I was an extern in obstetrics, but to my colleagues on the District and my chief, I was just another baby-snatcher—and a pretty verdant one at that. In the traditional manner of Harvard medical students I, with three other stripling 'prentices, was fulfilling my obstetrical requirements by delivering babies in the slums of Boston. The District ran to the water-front on the south; on the west it was fringed by railroad yards; and far to the east it ended smack up against the stench and desolation of the city abattoir. This was our terrain; in this area of reeking tenements, flooded cellars, dives, alleys, piers and passageways, we delivered in one summer exactly 101 babies, and lost only one. And there was greater mourning among the baby-snatchers for the one that was lost, than rejoicing over the 100 that were justly delivered.

Fancy babies of the silver-spoon species have often cost their parents upwards of a thousand dollars. But in the District all babies are admitted gratis, else they would never be admitted at all. As student obstetricians we received no fees, and were allowed to accept no gratuities. We paid for our own food and transportation. We lost our own sleep and wore out our own shoe-leather ushering black, yellow and white babies into the world. After a month in the District we were bundles of raw nerves. But for every penny we spent and for every pound we lost, we gained an unpurchaseable experience of medicine and a first-hand feeling for humanity.

The young extern going on his first assignment carries a bag of instruments, an instruction book, a flash-light and a pious realization of his own ignorance. True, he has examined all the diagrams, and has gone through all the maneuvers with a

dummy torso and a baby doll. He is armed with the assurance that 88 percent of all children are born normally, and would be delivered perfectly whether he were in attendance or not. He knows further that in the case of an abnormal birth, a telephone call will bring immediate assistance from his chief. He knows all this, but the knowledge does not prevent him from being as nervous as a rooky under his first barrage.

My first evening on duty began slowly. I reported to Dr. Challoner, the House Officer. This "H. O." was himself a young doctor; sentimentality was not his failing.

"Remember," said he, "you're on an important service; it calls for patience, nerve, and at the proper time, *action*. We realize that you are not an expert. But you've got the rudiments of a brain, and we ask you to use it. Now these women who are to be your patients are for the most part foreigners, usually ignorant and almost always dirty. But I want you to give them every care and attention you'd give a Social Register matron. And mind you, no superior airs. Don't make the mistake of thinking that you're doing these women a favor. Ignorant as they are, they are contributing greatly to your education as a doctor, and for every hour you spend with them you're being rewarded ten times over. Another thing; they think you are a full-fledged doctor, and never permit them for a moment to think otherwise. Actually you *are* a doctor, with a permit from the State. When you step over the threshold of a house, take command. Get out in front and stay there, or else you'll find the neighborhood midwife putting it all over you, or perhaps a stevedore husband will decorate the ceiling with your viscera. Lastly, preserve asepsis! Boil everything, scrub up six times over, otherwise your patient will get Rocky

Mountain spotted fever—or something worse. That's all. Now stand by for a call."

I stood by, or rather fidgeted about until nine o'clock taking last glances at my charts, asking my two confrères as many questions as I dared. They were veterans of two weeks' service, with records of nine and ten babies respectively; for an hour they alternated in giving me hypodermic jabs of advice. Seeing me nervous, one of them finally came in with, "There's really nothing to it, big boy. After the first seven hours it's a cinch. Of course, if pre-eclamptic toxemia sets in, and the blood pressure hits 250—or in case it's triplets—why God help you. But otherwise you won't have much trouble. You'd better hit the mattress for a blink of sleep."

Nevertheless, when the telephone rang I was at the receiver before the bell stopped vibrating. A heavy frightened foreign voice clotted the wire with jumbled noises. Finally I gathered that some one's Minnie was having a baby, and that I was wanted quick.

"Name and address?"

"Jake Sidoloufkos, 14 Beeler Street. Come quick."

"I'll be right over. Get some water boiling."

I read Minnie's prenatal history in the clinical register: a Lithuanian, had married a Greek, was 24 years old, the mother of four children, all previous births normal, no toxic history—apparently everything was O. K. I ran out into the street. It was 10 o'clock. I couldn't have stood the suspense of a trolley, so I scared up a taxi, and after 15 minutes of jouncing and getting lost in alleys, the driver brought me to a darkened barracks on a miserable lane.

I ran up one, two, three flights of stairs, knocking and shouting, "Sidoloufkos; hey Jake Sidoloufkos." But my shouts echoed through an abandoned house. Leaping again down the rickety stairs, I noticed a light filtering through a crack in the basement floor.—My pocket light (I learned then its importance in modern medicine!) showed me an entrance, and I entered the most desolate human habitation I had ever seen. I was to see many more such rooms, but the awful squalor of that dwelling place struck me with raw force. Pushing myself through a clump of neighbors who had gathered for the fracas, I found my

patient sharing a sheetless bed with three sleeping children. She was in a deep coma, and even in my excitement I knew that her pulse was pounding dangerously. My blood-pressure apparatus registered 220. A hospital case, and no mistake. My instructions were to call the H. O. immediately. I looked around that room for one intelligent face—and saw not one. "Does anyone here speak English?" No answer. I bolted for the street, and ran till I saw the red lamp of a police station, and in another 30 seconds I had shot an emergency call to the H. O.

He arrived in a sweat with the "big bag" ten minutes later. One glance at Minnie's face confirmed my diagnosis. "Get an ambulance. If she lives till we get her to the hospital, she's lucky."

At this juncture Mr. Jake Sidoloufkos seemed to apprehend that all was not well with his Minnie. It was necessary to get his consent before we could move his wife to the hospital. While I ran for the ambulance, Challoner debated with him. Jake didn't want his wife to go to the hospital. She had already given birth to four children without the aid of an ambulance, and he was convinced that if she put her mind to it, she could do it again. Finally, after I had returned and cleared the room, Challoner won Jake's reluctant consent. We could have reached the same conclusion more directly with a black-jack.

While we were haranguing Jake, the ambulance clanged up; we put Minnie in on a stretcher, and were off, I perched beside the driver. After escaping from the alleys we hit real pavement and the speedometer climbed to 50. "Yank that gong," said the driver. I yanked continuously—and felt like a conquering hero. Theater crowds parted like a Red Sea trough before our clanging chariot. Street crossings were blurs of red and green lights. Clang, clang, gangway for Life, Death and the Baby-snatchers—now I know why ambulance drivers stay ambulance drivers. In a few minutes Minnie was in the surgical amphitheater. Dennis, the good Dennis, the Caesarean marvel, was laying off his antiseptic field on Minnie's abdomen—Challoner was dousing the ether pads—and half an hour later I was trying to explain to Jake Sidoloufkos that his wife had just given birth to twins by a Caesarean section.

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Chinese Hospitality

Excerpts from Scribner's Magazine (February, '28)

Hiram Bingham

AS a boy I had known the Chinese as generous, kindly, courteous, and faithful. No prejudice against them was ever expressed by my family. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for the elaborate courtesy shown by conservative Chinese in their own homes today. We busy, hurrying Westerners have much to learn about the amenities of life from the followers of Confucius.

Every visitor to China is familiar with the fact that whenever one calls on a Chinese gentleman one is treated with courtesy and hospitality. It was not, however, until I spent several days in the interior of Shansi province, in contact with conservative gentlemen of the old school, that I realized the extent to which Chinese kindness can go in providing for the physical wants of a visitor as well as in making him feel spiritually welcome. The weather was warm, the roads dusty. One came to appreciate fully, not only the excellent fresh tea which was served continuously, but also the moist, delicately perfumed individual hot towels offered to each guest as soon as he arrived and at refreshing intervals. At first it seemed strange that no dry towels were offered afterward, but actually the evaporation of such fragrant moisture as was left on face and hands proved cooling and delightful.

On various occasions I was taken to interior towns to visit temples or to see the private collections of wealthy Chinese connoisseurs. In each case we were met outside the walls by our hosts, who likewise walked back with us through the dusty streets until we reached our motor-cars.

The climax came on the evening in which I had been invited to dine with Governor Yen. The dinner was set for 7:30. Shortly after 6:30, at the end of a day of dusty travel, while I was in my bath, one of the hotel servants rushed up to my

room in a great state of excitement to tell me that Governor Yen's automobile was waiting for me at the door and that I must go to the Governor's Yamen at once. Owing to my ignorance of old-fashioned Chinese etiquette I took this message seriously, and was much distressed that I could not possibly go immediately. Slipping on a bath-robe I looked out of the window to see what kind of a car the governor had sent, only to observe it rapidly driving back to the Yamen. This was a relief. Evidently the driver had made a mistake. So I proceeded leisurely with my dressing. Twenty minutes later one of the hotel "boys" again rushed excitedly into the room to tell me that Governor Yen had telephoned his disappointment at my non-arrival and his desire to have me come at once. It was still half an hour before the time set for the dinner and Governor Yen's English-speaking secretary, who had been with us all day, had definitely promised to come for us at 7:30. We were puzzling over this second message when some one suggested that it was merely the old-fashioned Chinese custom which required the courteous host to send two or three messengers at intervals before the time set for dinner, urging the guest to come immediately, chiefly to assure him that his arrival was eagerly awaited. Of course the well-bred guest would never embarrass his host by really arriving ahead of time. The idea was merely to make him feel that the invitation had not been a cold formality, but that a true welcome awaited him. Surely hospitality could go no farther.

There are Americans in China who treat the Chinese as social equals and have learned that there are no more delightful hosts or dinner-guests than the well-bred Chinese. There are others, on the other hand, who never invite them to dinner and

who insist that no Chinese gentleman shall cross the threshold of the Shanghai Club. . . . In dealing with the Chinese it would seem to be the part of wisdom to follow so far

as we can the dictates of courtesy and good breeding according to Chinese standards. The American Club in Shanghai has recently set an example in this respect.

Extern

(Continued from page 712)

For the next month I lived, breathed and *was* the District. It belonged to me, and I belonged to it. The dreary alleys that were the lairs of tom-cats and the refuge of garbage barrels, became the avenues of my profession. I was no longer a neophyte. I was eye to eye with life, a full-fledged, double-barreled baby-snatcher with 12 babies—three of them pickaninnies—to my credit. I no longer trembled at the thought of twins. No longer did I spray ether on my coat to impart a professional aroma. The District claimed me for 18 or even 20 hours a day. I was not only the Doctor, but the spiritual confidant and adviser, the job-finder, the friend and often the financier of some poverty-stricken home. No one in the District has any money, or ever will have. Few of the men have jobs; many of them are, were, or will be, in jail. Life in the District has no upward curve; no joyous sweep into the light of health and prosperity. It drops forever downward, or at best moves miserably along on a level below the meanest conceivable standard of existence.

A baby-snatcher soon learns that he must work with what comes to hand. In his battle against infection, boiling water is his chief aid—sometimes boiled in a borrowed kettle, on a neighbor's stove, over fuel that the extern has purchased. Towels, bed linen, layettes are fables all. Many an infant has to be wrapped in newspapers, because there is not a shred of cloth in the house. Rats eat the doctor's soap; roaches swarm—and yet in the midst of these social swamps, mother love and paternal anxiety struggle to lift the infant, for an hour at least, out of the stagnant scum and the miasmic steam. But I do not remember a single instance where my instructions to the mother or my job-hunting zeal for the father produced a change for the better. The specific gravity of the District is heavy as death itself, and no third-year medical student can hope to free a single victim from its grasp.

In addition to the actual delivering of babies, the baby-snatcher must keep in touch with his "cases" to see that no complications set in. For the first three days he must make three calls a day; for the next week he must make at least one daily call. A normal case was usually discharged after 10 days. We used to try to make the mothers stay in bed during this period, but no amount of persuasion could keep them off the floor.

One morning at daybreak, when on my way back to the Clinic, I saw a familiar figure walking through the morning mist. She was carrying a bundle in her arms and crooning a strange Celtic lullaby. Oblivious to everything but the living warmth at her breast, she passed me; turning, I called her by name.

"Mrs. Delehanty," I said, "don't you remember me?"

"Why sure," said she, "it's the Doctor. How could I forget the doctor that brought me my little Willy. Here now, look at the darlin'." And she pulled the shawl away from Willy's pinched blue face. He looked like a hungry infant not yet three weeks old—which was just what he was.

I couldn't account for her five o'clock rambling. "Where've you been?" I asked her.

"Oh, working. I got a fine job for myself over in the city there. I scrub bank floors at night, so I can be with my kids in the daytime. But I have to feed Willy, so I take him with me, and lay him right on the president's own chair. He likes it—Willy does, I mean."

In the presence of this scrubwoman I felt suddenly and completely unimportant. "Well, take care of yourself, Mrs. Delehanty!" I said, realizing the inanity of my remarks. Apparently Mrs. Delehanty did not. She went on her way crooning softly, stopping every twenty paces to peep under her shawl and glory in the possession of Willy.

Religion's Debt to Science

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (February, '28)

Harry Emerson Fosdick, D.D.

AMERICA today is filled with echoes of conflict between science and religion. The plain fact is that religion is deeply in debt to science.

In the first place, religion is unpayably indebted to science for the new apprehension of the universe in which we live. I well recall, as a very little boy, the comet of 1884. It seemed close at hand. I eagerly urged my father to go out upon the roof and get it for me. So in the childhood of the race this universe must have looked to men. They even thought they could build a tower to reach the sky and imagined God worried lest they should successfully invade His habitation. But now consider the vast immensity through which our imagination wings its way, where the light that falls upon our eyes tonight, even from the nearest stars in the Milky Way, left them when Abraham was feeding flocks on Syrian hills.

The measuring rod once used was the length that a man could walk in a half-day or a day, and there are tribes who still use that as their longest measurement. But we are using measuring rods that the imaginations of our forefathers could not have dreamed. For the larger spaces we use the distance that light, traveling 186,000 miles a second, traverses in a year. How amazing is the greating of the universe!

But it is not more marvelous than the world's extension infinitesimally. Leeuwenhoek, in the 17th century, was the first of all mankind to put together crude lenses in a microscope and view the populations that throng in a drop of water. So today we live in a cosmos infinite and infinitesimal, and as unified as it is vast. Once polytheism was possible. No more! Whatever else this cosmos is, it is one. All its power comes from one source. All its laws are built on one

pattern. A man who believes in God, who is sure that matter is not the last word in this universe, and that the power at the heart of all things is akin to that which rises in us as intelligence, purposefulness and good will, stands before this vast system in awe and reverence. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

To be sure, it is possible for a man's faith to be wrecked by the vastness of the cosmos. If a man carry out into this great universe too small a conception of God, it will not stand the strain. Many have done that and, finding it inadequate, have surrendered God and had nothing left except a vast machine that came from nowhere, meant nothing, and was going nowhither.

In the second place, religion is unpayably indebted to science for knowledge of the reign of law. Deadly fear congealed the souls of Christians when first they heard about the reign of law. They had lived in a world of miracle where nothing was regular, nothing law-abiding. Then science came upon the scene with its reign of law. Despite all opposition, the laws grew more clear and more certain. In old Massachusetts Bay Colony, Cotton Mather put the fear of the Lord into the people when a comet hung over the town, thundering as he did, that it was a special warning of the Almighty against their sin. Then came the crucial test. The astronomers prophesied the exact time of the return of Halley's Comet in 1759. Many thought that all religion hung in the balance. If Halley's Comet came back on time then there was nothing left but a huge machine and God was gone. And Halley's Comet did return as predicted.

How utterly incredible that old fear seems to an intelligent Christian! Knowledge of natural law has proved to be one

of the most liberating experiences that mortals ever achieved. If one doubts it, let him live in Arabia, where the old world still persists, where there is no knowledge of natural law—only fate and fatalism with an occasional miraculous event to interrupt the tedium of submission to the will of Allah. That is a prison-house, from which one returns to America as to liberty. Here we are free to do things, to change our lives, to master our circumstances, and the reason for that liberty is the very thing our forefathers feared: knowledge of law. Every time we get our hands on a new law we are free to fly on the wings of the wind, to speak from New York to London, to cure diseases, to create better educational systems.

This holds just as truly of law within the personality as it does of law without. Psychology upsets the religion of some people. They fear that they may be nothing but psychological machines, and their thoughts automatic. But who is imprisoned by psychological law? Every time we discover something new about the regular processes of the human mind we can improve our education. There never was a place where the Master's words had more transparent application: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Third: We as Christians are indebted to science for the new tools of service that it has put into our hands. Consider, for example, the triumphs of scientific medicine. Medicine has its roster of heroes who well deserve to stand beside those great souls who have valorously pioneered the world for Christ. Do you recognize the names of James Carroll, Walter Reed, Jesse Lazear, Private Kissinger? Yet they were saviors, too. They saved mankind from yellow fever. For many a long century it had taken its toll of millions of lives. It never will again. They and their successors stopped it. Moreover, the principle of the Cross held true in their case; you cannot achieve such salvation without sacrifice. Their sacrifice is worthy of the Master's encomium, "Greater love hath no man than this."

Conflict between science and Christianity? Think of Lister's work in anti-septic surgery, Morton's work in anesthesiology, Jenner's work in vaccination, or the new antitoxins that are stealing terror

from old scourges like diphtheria. Would not Jesus rejoice, who cared so much for the bodies of men and spent so much energy upon their health? I say it reverently: He healed a few people after the manner of His day, but how grateful would He be if, coming back, He should see science now fulfilling His own words, "Greater things than these shall ye do."

This last year I visited Corinth in Greece. Thither, an American woman had brought 2000 children from the chaos of Asia Minor. Within a few weeks 1200 of them had malaria. Malaria had been there for centuries. One thinks of all the prayers that have been offered from old pagan shrines, from Christian churches, from Moslem mosques against this insidious foe. But now we have new tools to work with. The American woman became a nuisance to the government until it joined forces with her. She cleaned up the entire countryside. Now there need never be any malaria in Corinth again. Conflict between science and religion? As one thinks of these new tools in the hands of service, such vistas open as never hitherto have opened before the hopes of man.

Finally, religion is indebted to science for the new note of straightforwardness and honesty in dealing with facts. Marcus Dods, a Scotch scholar, was under scientific influence when he said, "The man who refuses to face facts doesn't believe in God." That is the tone of mind with which true science works, and it has been an incalculable benediction to religion. Because of such an attitude, what superstitions that dogged our fathers' footsteps have vanished, what fears of ghosts and demons have been done away, what ancient ignorance has been lighted up that was once filled with sinister shadows, what honesty, fearlessness, and candor in dealing with facts have come!

Modern science permeated with religious faith and spirit—there never was so magnificent an outlook in the world. Modern science, however, bereft of religious faith—there never was a deeper abyss of pessimism. This great new world in the hands of the Christian spirit—there never was such a chance. This great new world in lesser hands—there never was such a peril.

Houdini—The Master Magician

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (March, '28)

Harold Kellock

HARRY HOUDINI began his career with a traveling circus at the age of nine, in the Middle West, and his first trick, which he had perfected laboriously in secret in the family woodshed, was to pick up needles with his eyebrows, while suspended by the heels, head downward.

From this humble early beginning it was a laborious struggle to the rôle of the master magician who thrilled and amazed great audiences everywhere with his daredevil feats, his unsurpassed dexterity, his almost superhuman physical endurance, his mystifying escapes from manacles, strait-jackets, prison cells, sealed chambers and chests and casks of every kind, from his famous Chinese water-torture cell, from a grave six feet deep and filled with earth, and from a heavy packing case, carefully nailed together by spectators, and weighted, and tossed into the sea.

When he died, in Detroit, October 31, 1926, at the age of 52, he had been a public performer for 43 years.

Hundreds of thousands of persons in various cities have seen Houdini, stripped and securely handcuffed by police experts, leap from some bridge or boat into a stream or harbor, on some occasions in winter weather; and have seen him emerge again, within two minutes, free and smiling. Scores of thousands more have observed him on the stage of the New York Hippodrome, perform the most ambitious vanishing stunt ever undertaken by any conjurer. Before them on the stage stood a five-ton elephant, swaying heavily in the spotlight, and, almost on an instant, behold! that huge elephant had disappeared and the big stage was empty, save for the smiling, nonchalant Houdini.

Finally, in all the larger cities in America and in many of the principal European capitals, Houdini mystified the public authorities by his jail-breaking demonstra-

tions. After permitting the police to cover him with manacles, and lock him in their securest cell in their best jail, in a few minutes he would be walking outside, the elaborate shackles dangling loose in his hands.

Very largely the details of his feats must rest in the grave with him. Only one person, his wife, was in his confidence, and in certain matters she was pledged to secrecy. In a general way, however, Houdini would on occasion discuss his methods.

"My chief task has been to conquer fear," he said. "When I am nailed within a weighted packing case and thrown into the sea, or when I am buried alive, it is necessary to preserve absolute serenity of spirit. I have to work with great delicacy and lightning speed. If there is an accident and I grow panicky, I am lost. The public sees only the thrill of the accomplished trick; they have no conception of the torturous preliminary self-training that was necessary to conquer fear.

"My second secret demanded equally vigorous self-training. It made every muscle of my body a responsive worker, quick and sure for its part. My fingers are super-fingers in dexterity, and my toes can do the work of fingers."

This double spiritual and physical training was the foundation of his art. In his case, genius consisted of an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Intimate visitors to Houdini's home had glimpses of this infinite capacity. Seated conversing with friends, he would absently exercise his fingers in manipulation with a pack of cards, making certain cards appear on top when they seemed hopelessly shuffled. Or he would drop a length of knotted string on the floor. Presently, slipping off his shoes and socks, he would

untie and retie the knots with his toes, meanwhile never so much as glancing at his own remarkable manipulations.

His training for his various immersion stunts was particularly arduous. Several times a day he would practice going under water in his own bathtub, holding a stopwatch to test his endurance. His high record was four minutes, 16 seconds, in a public test. For hours he would practice slow-breathing exercises. It is safe to say that no other human being could compete with Houdini in keeping himself alive, when necessary, with hardly enough oxygen to suffice a mouse.

On more than one occasion his training in complete mental serenity under the most critical circumstances saved his life. One conspicuous instance occurred in Detroit in the winter of 1906. He was scheduled to jump, handcuffed, into the river from the Belle Isle bridge. When the morning arrived, the river was frozen solid. Houdini had a large hole sawed clear below the bridge, and at the appointed time appeared to carry out his stunt as scheduled. Stripped to bathing trunks, and carefully manacled by policemen, he was pushed off the parapet, and vanished with a splash into the icy water.

On such occasions Houdini always had with him in the crowd a skilled underwater man for emergency use. This man had a rope, and was instructed, if Houdini failed to appear by the end of the third minute, to go down and get him. Usually Houdini reappeared in a little over a minute. This time two minutes passed, then three. The rope man was slow with his rope. Possibly his hands were numb.

The time went on. At the end of four minutes, police surgeons and other physicians invited to witness the performance, expressed the opinion that Houdini had done his last stunt. Finally, the rope splashed into the water, and a terribly frightened diver started to climb down. But before he got under way, Houdini's head and arm flashed out of the water. He had been under eight minutes!

The current, as he explained later, had carried him downstream, so that when he came up after freeing himself from the

manacles, he could not find the hole in the ice.

"That bothered me; but I got an idea. I let myself come up gently, and, sure enough, my idea was a good one. Between the surface of the water and the ice was a little air space, about half an inch wide. By lying on my back and poking my nose into this gently, I could fill my lungs.

"Of course this wasn't easy. If I drew in water I'd take to choking, and then—well, I didn't think about it. I'd get a little air, and then navigate around a bit looking for that hole, and then have another breath. I couldn't see much, and it wasn't so warm down there! After what seemed an hour, I saw a rope flash into the water, not very far away, and you bet I made for it. That was that."

In the office of a friend once he was asked if it was really true that he could open any safe. He replied yes—that if everyone knew what he knew, safes wouldn't be worth much.

"Can you open our office safe?" asked the friend.

"If you give me three minutes alone with it, I'll try," said Houdini.

The friend went out. Soon Houdini summoned him, and without hesitation walked to the safe, turned to the proper combination, and swung the door open. Then, on an impulse he took from his pocket a case that resembled a watch, with a single sensitive dial. "I made this myself," he said. "It is the only one in the world. If you had it, and knew how to use it, it would give you the combination of any safe anywhere."

Despite Houdini's constant disavowals, the legend persists that he exercised peculiar psychic powers. His reply to this talk was perfectly explicit:

"I positively state that I accomplish my purpose purely by physical, not psychical means. My methods rest on natural laws of physics, and could be understood by anyone to whom I divulged my secrets. But I hope to carry these secrets to the grave, as they are of no material benefit to mankind, and if used dishonestly might become a serious menace."



You After Forty

Condensed from The Forum (February, '28)

Abraham Epstein

THE established relationship of age and youth is undergoing a rapid change in the United States. With the industrial development in this country the traditional supremacy of experience is disappearing. The aged are not only losing their ancient social prerogatives but, more significantly, their economic foothold is gradually slipping. The middle-aged and the elderly still supply the leadership in politics, science, and art, but in the general run of industry, youth is mercilessly crowding age out.

It is not unnatural that the aged should bitterly resent this unprecedented encroachment upon their privileges. They are specially indignant against the new limitations of their economic opportunities. They contend that even Dr. Osler allowed them the blessings of life till at least 65 years of age!

No longer is old age measured by bodily decrepitude. Today it is the ability to hold a job or to secure employment after the 35th or 40th birthday which decides one's "youthfulness." For those who must earn their daily living by brain or brawn, the 40's are indeed the dangerous age. You may still feel fit as a fiddle; your hair may be as black and as slick as any college sophomore's; but when you are 40 and looking for work you will, perhaps unconsciously, think how old you are. And you may learn that it is well to discount a few of your years lest you elicit the sombre but frank: "Sorry, sir, we want young men only."

The deadline of employment is gradually being lowered. "Only persons under 40 or 45 need apply," is a frequent qualification even in the case of such professions as engineering, accounting, and the like. Practically all railroads and many industrial concerns now follow a rule not to engage for permanent positions any

skilled workers over 45 and unskilled laborers over 35. One could cite a multitude of tragic consequences of this deadline. The "white collar" occupations are hardest hit. Only 17.9 percent of male bookkeepers, cashiers, accountants and auditors, and less than 9 percent of draftsmen are still on the job after the 45-year line. The problem, indeed, is becoming so grave that recently a national organization was formed for the purpose of breaking down these barriers.

What are the reasons for this discrimination? Are men, after 45, unable to maintain the pace required? Does machine industry completely wear out its workers at this early age? There is no evidence to support these contentions. On the contrary, the physical well-being of most persons around 40 is today far superior to what it was years ago. The main causes of this deadline in employment are at least two:

Some 30 years ago when industry was still young, the assets of the older workman made him indispensable. At the age of 40, he had acquired skill and experience which amply made up for any deficiencies in pace and alertness caused by his age. Today, with the introduction of new machinery, the value of mechanical experience diminishes. "The rank and file of men," says Henry Ford, "come to us unskilled; they learn their jobs within a few days." Arthur Pound points out that "the most valuable man in operating automatic machines is the man without imagination and generally the man with a mentality below the average." The older wage earner is thus deprived of the only assets which he used to possess. Industry selects the most adaptable, the most proficient workers, casting the others aside.

The second factor in this deadline has come about through the very attempt

made by American industry to solve the problem of superannuated wage earners. To induce younger workers to remain until their old age with the same corporation, industrial pension plans have been extensively adopted during the last 15 years. Approximately 400 concerns employing over 4,000,000 workers have now adopted such pension systems. These schemes generally provide for the retirement of employes at 65 and 70, who have been with the firm continuously for from 20 to 30 years. So far American concerns have refused to recognize any obligation to old employes who have been with them less than the required period of service. But foremen and superintendents still have hearts, and it is no pleasant task for any man to give the "blue envelope" to a worn out human being who has not qualified for an old age annuity. Corporations know, also, that to discard an old employe ruthlessly injures the morale of the plant, and is dangerous to industry as a whole. To escape the dilemma, employers of labor are finding that the simplest way is to deny entirely employment to anyone who cannot serve the necessary number of years entitling him to retire under the pension plan. Corporations with no pension plan make equally good use of this method in order to avoid or postpone the problem.

In this connection it is worth noting that the industrial pension plans, while chiefly responsible for the present deadline in employment, benefit a negligible number of persons. Statistics of the Bureau of Labor show that only four percent of the wage earners remain with the same concern for 20 years, the minimum period required by most establishments as a qualification for a pension. Furthermore, with but rare exceptions, practically all the existing pension plans are financially unsound and represent but good-will promises. Some of the best plans have recently been abandoned, leaving the older workers high and dry. Even in the newer and the few sound plans the pension depends entirely upon a too long term of service, which can affect but few wage earners. After a comprehensive study of industrial pension plans in this country, the Pennsylvania Commission was forced to conclude that:

"The large majority of the pension systems now in operation are so constructed as to preclude any hope of their

ever becoming effective instruments in solving the growing problem of old age dependency to any considerable degree. It is likely that charitable agencies will be forced to assume the maintenance of many thousands of workers whose employers had led them to expect that they would be granted pensions in old age."

Is there then no solution to this problem, which is daily growing more serious? Must a wage-earner past 40 be shelved as useless and out of date? Are we to forego entirely one of the most valuable national assets, the accumulated experience and training of the men and women who have just reached maturity? It is clear that the discrimination now practiced against persons who have reached their 40th birthday is not due to anything inherently defective in them. The objections to their permanent employment are inspired by the fear of the future, by the fear that employes may be worked out and become incapacitated at a period when, under the corporation's regulations, they will not be entitled to regular retirement. At the same time it will be difficult to discard them entirely without having made some provision for their needs.

It is significant that the discriminations practiced against men and women past their prime are of an origin peculiarly American. Abroad, such practices are hardly known. In virtually every civilized nation the responsibility for the old age of workers has been removed from the individual concern and properly placed upon the entire industrial society. Instead of depending upon each employer to provide against the handicaps of old age, comprehensive insurance or pension plans have been instituted which guarantee the aged worker at least some assistance in his declining years. These social provisions permit employers to engage workers at any age without hesitation so long as they are capable of performing the task. When they become incapacitated, either the invalidity insurance system or the old age pension plan takes care of them. In none of the industrial countries is the attainment age of 40 fraught with the dangers that confront our American wage-earners whether manual or professional. May not the solution of our problem lie along the same path?

Animal Husbandry and War

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly* (March, '28)

Sydney Hillyard

IN the breeding of animals the work of one man must be carried on by his sons, grandsons and great-grandsons. Selection—picking out the strongest horse, the heaviest woolled sheep, the cow with the most milk—must continue for generations unbroken. Otherwise devolution back to the wild stock will follow, for retrogression is much easier to get than an evolution toward the perfect specimen.

Thousands of English sheep farmers, unknown and unsung, have for 350 years been patiently and persistently picking out their best rams and so have produced a slightly thicker wool or a shade heavier mutton. This is all there is to breeding, but it takes two things—time and security. An army turned loose in sheep country for a winter can eat the sheep or drive them off so that the farmer has to begin all over again with runts. This was very well shown in the Hundred Years War between England and France and in the Thirty Years War that was fought all over Germany. A soldier sees merely that an oversize sheep fills the more mess cans. It takes a century to get a breed of animals well started; it takes a week to wipe it out. On the continent of Europe this has happened again and again, until one wonders how anything larger than a performing flea with a lusty jump is left alive.

Nearly all the great breeds of domestic animals that are now scattered over the earth, the horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, originated in England. And history shows that this was no accident.

Let us take horses. The great Shire, Clyde and Suffolk heavy horses are the most widespread draft horses of the world. They haul the beer-wagons of Berlin, the water-wagons of New York, and the plows of Alberta and Queensland. The Shire, with his shaggy legs, the Clyde with his round belly, the Suffolk with his thick

neck, each took many lifetimes of farmers to bring him from runthood to drafthood. So with the English thoroughbred, the fastest of living animals. It is literally running circles all round the globe. You can lose a dollar on him as easily at Saratoga as at Sydney or Epsom Flats. The "Shire" got his name in the reign of Henry VIII, in 1530. The thoroughbred probably began with "Markham's Arabian" in 1616. From Henry VII and Charles the Second to this day, these, the largest and fastest horses, have been patiently nursed. The American standard trotter dates back to the thoroughbred stock.

As with the horse so it is with the cow, both with the big beef breeds and the little dairy breeds. The red-faced Durham and the white-faced Hereford, the Devon, the Angus and many other beef steers are British stock, while the milkers, the Jersey and Guernsey, are from the Channel Islands.

The Brown Swiss and the Simmenthaler are continental cows and have come to maturity for the same reason as the English breeds. Raised in the Swiss mountains, they were sheltered from soldiers.

The first scientific breeder of cattle was Robert Bakewell, of Leicester, England. The Collings brothers followed him and started the Durham breed in 1777. The Durham is the same thing as the Shorthorn, now the most widely spread of all cattle. Later breeders founded the Angus and the Southdown. These men did not invent the cow; they inventoried her, started her on the narrow path and made a doomsday book in which to record her. And she has responded nobly, as the Chicago stockyards demonstrate.

The horse and the cow, as a team, have helped haul civilization for a long distance.

An Englishman and an Irishman may differ as to some things, but they see with

one eye when it comes to a hog, and the American is there with them. In fact, America really leads the field. The Berkshire, the Yorkshire, the Tamworths and other breeds are British, and American Durocs and Chesters are descended from the same source. There is no continental hog worth spearing.

England has done wonders in chickens with the Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons and others too noisy to mention, but here again the American hen has it. The Yankee rooster can crow over all comers for size and over all scrappers except the English fighting cocks.

But it is in sheep that the tight little island has simply done it all. It was in the reigns of the four Georges that English sheep rose to supremacy. There are a dozen breeds which cover the hills of Christendom and the valleys of Heathendom. Such are the Cheviots, Oxforths, Southdowns, Shropshires, and others. There were no other sheep until Vermont, Australia, and New Zealand developed the modern Merino. All the mutton sheep are English.

How has England been able to accomplish all this in animal breeding? The English Channel has made it possible. Though it is but 20 miles wide it has been enough to keep the restless armies off the island since 1066. It was enough to keep England free from invasion for 800 years, while armies, including English armies, were tramping over Europe, eating and destroying the cattle and sheep, and using up the horses in their cavalry. Poland, Germany, Austria, Italy and France have had enough wars to knock out each and every attempt at animal breeding as fast as it was made. It is a wonder they have any animals at all. The English farmer was left at peace, with the exception of a couple of civil wars.

The French have met with success in the Percheron horse, a draft animal much favored in America. A professor of agriculture informed the writer that he attributed the survival of this horse to the fact that it was bred in that part of France,

La Perche, which has been most free from invading hosts. The snow-white Erden goose and the Holstein-Friesian cattle originated in the lowlands adjacent to the North Sea. East, west, and south of them are rivers and turf bogs. No armies, the writer is informed, have ever maneuvered across that territory. The Belgians have a fine draft horse, but we are informed that this last war has left the United States in possession of all the best of the breed.

It is true that the opposite side of the case can be argued at least as regards the horse. The French Coach Horse, the German Coach, and other continental driving and saddle horses are the result of governments breeding them for cavalry. Yet this can apply only to a certain kind of horse and to some extent to mules. All credit is due to the continental coach horse as a product of war, but it must not be forgotten that these very coach horses are used to kill each other on the battlefields, and indirectly to kill off other animals.

The World War has shown us that the governments of Europe would sacrifice anything to win. Such governments are not animal breeders; the only creatures in their stock registry are the four horses of the Apocalypse.

The United States will be the nursery for the great breeds of the future. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars has been paid in this country for a single bull—the world's record for dairy animals. The American wool sheep, the American hog, the American milch cow now lead the world, and we are rapidly coming up in other breeds. There is no knowing what can be done if no armies devastate the farms and no poison gas murders our animals.

If peace, on one little island, has brought forth these splendid breeds of animals that have served the world for centuries, what may it not achieve on this great continent if no recurring animal slaughters prevent? The horse, the cow, the hog and the sheep all call for disarmament.

Let us have peace.



Business and the Government

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (March, '28)

John T. Flynn

MORE Business in Government and Less Government in Business: such is the slogan which burns upon the banners of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

This sentence, it will be observed, is not only a slogan but also a slam. Be good enough, it observes to that officious and meddlesome old person, our Uncle Samuel, to keep your whiskers out of our affairs and to look after your own with something of that wisdom which we employ in ours.

To support this battle-cry various champions of American business have brought forward much evidence to show that there is too much government in business—too much government, in fact, in almost everything. Statistics are quoted to show the unbelievable number of federal and state laws, and town and county ordinances, made to regulate us and hamper our business.

The truth of the matter is that while there is a flood of bills submitted to every legislative body every year, there are really not so many laws passed as might be supposed. The last Congress enacted a total of some 1223 measures. Of these about 400 were resolutions and private bills. Of the remaining 800 all but a few were regulations affecting the control of the various government departments. A member of the house made an estimate of the number of laws of general application passed by that Congress, and there were only about 36. During the 136 years in which Congress has been functioning, the average number of laws passed has been 150 a year—by no means a high number when we remember that among these are included civil and criminal statutes, laws governing the army, navy, post office, all government departments, and the tax bills.

We have some laws that get fearfully and wonderfully in our way, laws that are

woefully unwise. But the fault here lies not in the quantity of legislation but in the folly of certain legislation.

If Congress does not enact more laws, however, it is not the fault of business. Most of the laws that control or hamper business have been passed, surprisingly enough, at the demand of business itself. If more such laws are not passed it is because Congress sensibly resists the pressure of organized drives of various special interests to push them through.

Before the present Congress was a week old there appeared several measures known as the price maintenance bills. They have turned up at every session of Congress for several years. They propose that a dealer shall not be allowed to offer an article for sale at a price lower than that fixed by the manufacturer. Behind them come marching hundreds of trade associations with banners flying, resolutions booming, and letters and telegrams pouring in on Congress for action. The independent grocers, dry goods men, and retail merchants generally, led by the wholesalers, are doing battle against the chain stores and large department stores. These great dealers can buy cheap and sell cheap. Of course the wholesaler and the independent do not relish this, and no one expects them to. But do they try to defeat the practice without "government interference"? No, they try to bring the government into the fight on their side.

Other marching legions descend on Congress with a "truth-in-fabric" bill. The men who make pure wool are in competition with the men who make a mixture of wool and cotton. There is nothing so shocking about mixing wool and cotton as one might suppose. It is not like mixing Scotch and wood alcohol. It may actually improve the fabric. But whether it does or not, the wool fabric men propose to have

Uncle Sam on their selling staff, with laws demanding inspections and government labels.

Last year the editor of a leading bankers' journal remarked that all states save six would have legislatures in session during that year. "It is likely," he wrote, "that a vast number of new banking laws will find their way into the statute books." And how is this to be? Let the editor tell you in his next sentence: "The state bankers' associations in most states have taken the initiative to bring about the enactment of new laws to improve the condition of the banks and add to the protection of stockholders."

Come, the bankers invite the government, and interfere with us some more!

Week after week the trade associations come pouring into the capital to put in their claims for interference. To date some 900 of them have shown up with flags flying at the Department of Commerce begging Mr. Hoover's bureaus to look them over and see what is the matter with them and tell them how to improve the management of their affairs.

In the state legislatures it is the same story. Manufacturers of ladies' dresses fulminate against the style bandits who promptly steal every new extravagance they fashion for the fair. Why, they ask in effect, cannot there be a law that will put the government behind the styles? Another group of jobbers think they are not getting full value out of salesmen who insist on carrying side lines, and so they ask for a law that will punish any drummer who carries the samples of more than one concern. Each trade emits yowls of dissent when it is submitted to some sort of regulation; but in turn, you may be sure, has its own program of regulation for some other group.

Of course the wrath of business which we see so violently in eruption over the interference of government is directed mainly at the Interstate Commerce Commission, the conservation policy, railroad baiting, the government entry into the merchant marine business, and the government operation of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. Yet anyone who has a taste for history may discover that while these measures interfere or propose to interfere with busi-

ness, back of them originally were other great groups of business interests. The Interstate Commerce Commission was demanded not only by the embattled grange but by almost all the business interests of the country at the time it was created, save the railroads themselves. The Federal Trade Commission, so bitterly assailed and opposed by certain business groups, was no less earnestly demanded by still others, and today could not be abolished without a powerful lobby from some business sections giving battle.

Business—or a part of it—used to foam with wrath at the mention of conservation, but I recall that in the days of Roosevelt's great fights for that principle, it was charged that many business interests were behind it—among them the barbed-wire people, who got huge orders whenever forest sections were withdrawn from entry. And today, while one element in business denounces the proposals for government operation of Muscle Shoals, still others are equally industriously campaigning for the quick generation of power there—because they require it—and others for the manufacture of fertilizer—not because they require fertilizer, but because they fear that the use of Muscle Shoals for the generation of power might develop a great industrial section in that neighborhood to compete with other industrial sections not so fortunately situated.

Thus we see business assailing the government for interfering in its affairs while all the time it is organized, mobilized, and formed in battle array to compel lawmakers to interfere more.

I should like to propose a new slogan for our business friends. Just as surely as government has a business side, business today has a social side. It involves, today, the relations of great groups. It is full of human problems as well as financial, mechanical, and economic problems. And if good business brains are needed to cope with the purely commercial problems, good statesmen are no less wanted to understand the troublesome and pressing human problems.

I, therefore, respectfully submit to the slogan makers this germ idea:

Less business interference in government and more statesmanship in business.

The Negro's Inhibitions

Condensed from The American Mercury (February, '28)

Eugene Gordon

MOST of the Aframerican's native attributes—the inclinations, tastes, and preferences that an All-wise Creator implanted in him—are fast oozing out of him. Standing in the glare of Caucasian ridicule, he has become sensitive, secretive and hypocritical, and full of inhibitions. He is afraid to be seen eating a pork chop, or even a wing of fried chicken. The sight of a watermelon sets him blushing. When he sings his spirituals, it is in an affected and "artistic" manner: the old innocent gusto is gone. When he needs a razor he sends a white agent to buy it for him. He forbids his wife to wear gaudy colors. He is ashamed of his kinky hair, and he spends many thousands annually on quack decoctions guaranteed to bleach his skin.

Boston nurtures an Aframerican organization called the Bachmars—*bach* from "bachelor" and *mar* from "married." It comprises the gayer section of the dark Four Hundred; its membership includes policemen, postmen, chauffeurs, postal clerks, caterers and red caps. Every New Year's Eve it holds a "formal." The keenest discrimination is displayed in the quality of those who are sent invitations; this quality is determined by how "light" the guests are, and whether they have "good" or "bad" hair. Unless they can easily "pass" there is no place for them at the Bachmar breakdown. If, inadvertently, a genuine Negro girl were admitted, she would feel as much at home as a Zulu expatriate among the igloos. I overheard last Summer one fair-skinned young woman say to another, following the Bachmar's annual bungalow frolic: "It was simply grand! Why, every girl there could easily pass for white."

I know a brown girl who will go through life with a grievance against light-skinned ladies generally and one in particular.

According to a story she often repeats, she met her fair friend downtown one day, but the fair one, being with a white girl, ignored her dusky playmate. Meeting again, later, the near-Nordic was amazed that her chum should feel aggrieved. "Why," she demanded, "should I offend my white friends just to please you? They don't like to be seen with anybody who is all the time speaking to a lot of Negroes."

I submit that there are many whites who are more liberal on this question than most Negroes are. There is nowhere a tyrant more oppressive than the Aframerican lackey at the door of a Jim-crow theater, eating place, or apartment house. Such men often employ a huskier brand of force and a bitterer spleen, while ejecting their blood brothers, than any whites would exhibit.

The fear of producing black babies is an incubus upon the backs of hosts of fair-skinned Aframerican matrons. Consequently, the birthrate among them is amazingly low. . . . In any social gathering in these colored United States the young man of genuinely African color must be thrice the superior of his lighter-skinned competitor, else he will lose.

Lest the white man suspect them of preferring segregation, Aframericans tacitly agree among themselves, especially in New England where race proscription is rare, to live in widely scattered areas. Often the natural desire to live near relatives or friends is rigidly inhibited in order that no colony of blacks may grow up. In theaters and other public places it is considered bad form for one Negro to gravitate toward another. A group becomes conspicuous, and the management might decide to provide a place where they could always sit together.

Chicken and pork are irrevocably intertwined with the American tradition about

the colored man, but when the Negro now eats them he will not wish to be discovered by the leering gaze of the Nordic. When the Aframerican housewife desires chicken, she orders it by telephone, or buries her fowl at the bottom of her shopping bag. When the Aframerican entertains his Caucasian friend at dinner, the pale-face will look in vain for any trace of chicken.

As most of us will agree, a woman, be she white or otherwise, loves color in her clothes. Nevertheless, colored hats—and red, especially,—among Aframerican women, are taboo. Bright colors in any part of the clothing are shunned. The reason is that to wear colors may strengthen the white man's belief that the Negro is a childish race, and silly about flashing colors. As a consequence, the average gathering of dark ladies is a drab affair. Only the fairer of the sex dare defy the taboo. The inhibition, perhaps, sprang from the tradition that slave traders often attracted the tribal chiefs with offers of bright red cloth.

Negro newspapers and magazines are seldom read by respectable colored folk in public. To read them may cause the whites to think the readers strange or different, and lead to ridicule. But to read the most slimy tabloid sheet is permissible, of course. Among the middle-class it is better to be a moron, like your white neighbor, than an intelligent individual. As a result, an amazingly large number are wholly uninformed, save by bits gleaned from the white press, about themselves.

Scores of Aframerican girls from time to time have lamented the taboo placed upon them by Negro business and professional men. The cry arises continually that a colored girl of intelligence and skill is without honor among her own kind. This charge is often true. I personally know of several offices in which white girls serve Negro professional men. To the colored girl who has spent years training for such work the situation is one of heartburning. Some of these girls find employment in white offices, but a Negro girl must possess extraordinary recommendations to edge out a white girl seeking the same job.

The black man's predilection for the razor as a social appurtenance has been widely publicized. Probably more jokes, witty and inane, center about the razor than about anything else, unless it be the watermelon and crap shooting. A colored gentleman of pride and self-respect now avoids the old-time razor as scorched infants are supposed to avoid fires. Granted that he may be more adept at shaving himself with the old tool, yet he will refrain from purchasing any except a safety razor. To buy any other kind is likely to cause the dealer to speculate whether the instrument is wanted for toilet or social use.

The razor myth comes from the time when that tool was the black man's only offensive and defensive weapon. It grew in popularity because it could be procured more easily than a firearm and could easily be concealed. It did rather a messy job, but an effective one, and it made no noise. But now it is taboo.

The watermelon question has developed into a momentous one. It does not matter that the Caucasian himself buries his pale face to the Adam's apple in the watery rind; the colored brother, if he eats it at all, must do so in the privacy of his home, or stand shamed before his race. When an Aframerican housewife's craving for watermelon compels her to yield, she is quite likely to order the fruit from a black tradesman, by telephone, insisting that it be concealed in a bag, and delivered on a moonless night by a black delivery boy.

Thus, one by one, at the conscious and unconscious behest of the white man, the old traditions hooked up with the colored man's peculiar appetites are booted on to the junk heap. His natural human inclinations are ground under the flat foot of Aframerican inhibition. Chicken, watermelon, bright colors, black faces, kinky hair, friendly congregating, the old-fashioned razor, pork-chops,—all are now in the Index Expurgatorius of Aframerica. The Caucasian may snigger at all this as a new joke, but the "better class" colored folk will not. 'Tis undignified to laugh, you know; the white man may think you boisterous!

Hobbies—an Antidote to Mental Atrophy

Condensed from *Personality* (March, '28)

James Montgomery

MANY a business man has burrowed so deep into his task that he finds it necessary to turn around and dig his way out by acquiring a hobby!

All over this broad land the successful American is exercising as he never exercised before, holding a mortality table in one hand and a blood pressure chart in the other. Recently the insurance companies have learned that 55 to 60 represents the fatal age of success. Once past the milestone of 57 a man's chances of getting another policy considerably improve.

Within the vicinity of New York are no less than half a dozen "vocational cures," where medical men are making it their business to understand the business man rather better than he understands himself. Exercise alone, they say, is not enough. The successful American needs a change in his thinking habits. One hardware manufacturer has proved to be more than a fair writer and is now engaged with the mysteries of syntax after a lifetime of bolts and nuts. Another prominent banker has shown himself a promising painter.

Whatever the means of relief, play's the thing. Dr. Frederick Peterson, noted neurologist, pointed out recently that continuous use of the mind for one purpose left its other faculties unused. The result is about the same as would arise from working with one hand. The mind develops abnormally, sometimes making possible astonishing things in a special field, but the other faculties atrophy.

As a tonic for this complaint, Dr. Peterson and his colleagues try to supply fresh interests, as different as possible from the man's ordinary occupation.

"I always ask men," said the doctor, "what they wanted to do in their youth, particularly if their early ambitions never

came to anything. One man of the first rank in business affairs confessed to me that he had wanted to build boats as a boy and had the hankering yet. He was more than half ashamed of himself for admitting it. I put that man to building boats as quickly as I could and he has one of the busiest amateur boat yards in the country. Happy? He is tickled to death.

"Frequently I hear a man remark: 'Well, my business is the only thing I know. It has been bread and butter, wife and sweetheart to me. I couldn't get along without it.' A sad confession. The usual apologies of 'no time' and 'no interest' will not hold for a moment. He is likely to have all eternity before he knows it. As for interest, that can be aroused.

"But more business leaders than we suspect actually live in fear of giving up their occupations, at any time of life. 'What could I possibly do?' they say. 'I would rather die in harness than rust out.'

"Now, dying in harness fairly early becomes inevitable if the harness is worn too tightly, but the alternative of rusting out is deceptive and unnecessary. It is exactly the process that can be staved off. What causes it is the fact that a man reaches the 'mellow years' and finds them empty.

"At least ten years is cut off the average life spent wholly at one task. And we cannot measure the death of such men only in the term of years. The richness of life, the inspiration of new undertakings, is denied them."

It seemed well to remind Dr. Peterson that few men can paint, write, or build boats. How, then, should a man go in pursuit of his talent?

"If a man had no particular yearning in his youth, I try to find out what he has

read and what he thinks about. Reading is the evident and in many ways the best stimulant. It means an introduction to new ideas and unfamiliar settings; a mental change that can be as complete as a physical change. Any 'worth while book on travel is almost as entertaining as if we had visited the land described. Such books distract the mind and furnish pleasant images to think upon. All this restores and enriches the faculties commonly used. More than one man has developed an unsuspected love for the classics. Today the world generally thinks about ancient life as summed up by a shattered column and a broken arch. When a man with that idea finds the old world revealed, different from and yet like our own society, he goes through a somewhat startling experience. I find that Cicero's letters—not the speeches—offer an excellent antidote to the most wearied mind. They are intimate and fairly close to us. We might change the address and dates and read of our own times.

"But it must be admitted that the business man is often not the reading kind. He has a self-centered, concentrated mind. His inclination to read cannot always be enlisted. In that case we must try something else. At least one prominent American never heard an opera till he was 60, but has since become such an enthusiastic supporter of the art that he has built one of our finest opera houses and can never hear enough of music. Often it is as difficult to interest a man in opera as in books. To overcome the first lack of interest we have classes where students are taught to appreciate music.

"There are almost endless possibilities for giving the mind new interests. A sad sight is that of a mind starved in the midst of plenty. A man of my acquaintance has just such a mind. He recovered from an illness, but is confined to his chair permanently. None of the usual interests would beguile his mind.

"At last he devised an interest of his own. From his home he could see a busy railroad track. He made up a game with the car numbers, and fell to estimating the contents and value of the cars. In the evening, when he could no longer see the cars, he had another kind of game, venturing imaginary investments in the stock

market, and keeping records as if they had been real. Checking his operations against the evening paper's stock reports finally ended in sleep.

"Here was a man with an empty mind, who had spent his days without acquiring a single interest. His habits of thought were so fixed they could not be changed. He had no philosophy. A man should not wait until he is well along in life to cultivate interests. Let him start young and build up his store every day.

"Man, after all, should not live for his toil alone. He really lives in his mind, the secret places of his inner self, and his happiness is in his dreams.

"I would prescribe a new interest at periodic intervals as an excellent way to keep young. By all means have a sport or two—if your inclination runs that way—but at least a hobby to give the hands and body occupation. Then add fresh interests to your mind. In our civilization the machines which make life easy have also taken away much. There is the greater need, then, for every man to create values to round out his life."

These clinical specialists say that the successful man lives too much in his own world. But they believe that he is on the road to improvement. No more than ten years ago he learned to play golf. Lately he has adopted more recreations, until the old men of yesterday are being transformed into the young fellows of today. Yet the business man's outlook is still too limited.

Before long the man who is master of 20 corporations may fit in his music lesson between board meetings. Or we may conjure up the day when the chairman will bang down his gavel to hasten away for his art class. And he would be the better chairman for the experience, if we may believe the clinical gentlemen.

A pleasant picture arises at the thought of some great industrial captain bossed by his gardener. Or a railway king hustled about by a cattle breeder. There are dogs to be bred and trained. Prize fowls will capture the fancy of more than one man. As for horses, they have been the recreation, friends and companions of man since time began. A blue morning, a waiting saddle, an open road—what better does life hold?

Diving for the S-4

Condensed from The World's Work (March, '28)

Howard Mingos

WHEN the S-4 sank off Provincetown last December, the nation shuddered at the fate of her crew trapped a hundred feet below the surface. But their end, however tragic, was calm compared to that faced by the divers who tried to rescue them.

Hers was a muddy grave. Half of her was submerged in black mud soon after she struck bottom. It was as cold as cracked ice. Two divers, Eiben and Smith, were tunneling toward the keel from opposite sides to make room for big chains required to fasten her to the pontoons. Smith had worked nearly 30 feet into a snugly fitting hole, when it caved in, wedging him in so tightly that he could not use his arms. Instead of getting excited and struggling, he telephoned up:

"Caught! Dig me out!"

"All right, Smith!" replied the officer at the top. Then to Eiben, "Joe, go over and dig Smith out!"

Eiben eased himself out of his tunnel, pulled himself across the deck of the S-4, and began to work on Smith's side, burrowing in on the trail of Smith's life line and air hose. In 30 minutes he got him, and together they dug themselves out. Another pair of divers went down and finished the tunnel.

About 60 divers responded to the Navy's call, representing the best talent that could have been assembled. About 15 of the 60 proved capable of accomplishing anything on the bottom. Yet all were heroes. They knew the risks.

One of the most horrible deaths they have to face is the "squeeze"—the horrible body-mangling process that occurs when the air pressure in their suit and helmet is released and the crushing weight of tons of water forces the organs of the body into

the helmet. The diver regulates his own pressure as he descends, to offset the increasing pressure of the water. The pearl divers in Australia have a clause in their contracts that if they are squeezed to death, they shall be buried in their helmets, since the disfiguration is so frightful.

A fall that lets a diver down before he can regulate the pressure, a broken air hose, a leaky safety valve, or a split suit may cause such an accident. Half the deaths (which are many) are caused by the squeeze. And until science began to learn how to treat "the bends" hundreds of divers were killed or crippled by that also. The diver's body, it must be understood, gradually absorbs the pressure as he descends. When he comes out the reduced pressure causes nitrogen gas bubbles to form everywhere in his body, in the blood and all tissues. Some are as big as a teacup. These bubbles cause the bends—agonizing pain, paralysis, blindness, heart failure. The only way the diver can avoid the bends is to go through slow "decompression", stopping several minutes at various stages while coming up, or by going into a tank of compressed air after he reaches the surface.

On Sunday night, the day after the S-4 was rammed and sunk, a freezing wind made the *Falcon* strain at the moorings above her. An air line had been attached to the ballast tanks of the submarine in the hope of blowing out the water and floating it up. But the tanks would not clear. Divers had come up half frozen. The storm gained force, and in view of the possibility that it might prevent further diving, the officers decided to try to get air to the six men trapped in the submarine's torpedo room as soon as possible. Michels, in charge of the remaining divers, declined to order his comrades down. He went. Later, after he had come back from

the hospital, he explained what had happened.

"The *Falcon* was yawing about 35 feet, tossed by the waves. I landed in the mud instead of on the submarine. But my lines now snapped up and slapped me on the deck of the submarine, close to the hole in her side. Next time the *Falcon* yawed, my lines pulled me off my feet and flattened me on my face and then, becoming slack again, fell across my back and looped in the wreckage. I could not move. The tenders had to pay out more line or else risk having it cut, and soon I was under 30 or 40 feet, laid across my back and looped in the wreckage till I felt like a fish under a net.

"I felt a chilling trickle of water on one of my legs. My suit had torn on a piece of iron. I never thought I could shiver so! The air pressure in my helmet, I knew, would hold out the water, which by now was up to my chin. But I could not clear myself to finish my job. I had to give up, and phoned them to send Eadie or Carr. I went to sleep."

Above, Carr was still in the recompression tank. Eadie had come out and had just turned in to sleep off his exhaustion. He was told of Michels' plight, and that he had been down 45 minutes, close to the limit in that temperature. At once he came out on the wind-swept deck, ready for the task of rescue. The "bears" eased him into his suit of cotton and rubber. They strapped on his lead-soled shoes, each weighing 45 pounds. They slung his belt about his waist, 90 pounds of lead bars on a wide strap. A woolen cap preceded the ear phones, which were set in place. Then they clamped on the metal breastplate tightly about the only open part of his suit, over the shoulders, using wrenches to lock them together and prevent leaking, and finally the copper, tin-treated helmet, much larger than his head, was screwed down onto the breastplate. His air hose and life line were screwed to the back of his helmet. Two taps on his helmet signaled him to stand up, and a "bear" handed him a bag that contained his lamp, pliers, hammer, and wire cutter. In a short time he was swung from the icy deck, and, slipping to the bottom as fast as he could go, telephoned in 40 seconds that he was on the S-4. Ten feet away sprawled Michels, face down. Eadie went to work freeing

the lines. The minutes passed. The lines were free. He shook Michels, bringing him partly to his senses, and then found that the lines had fouled on the port side.

To reach them he had to climb over the wreckage and the hole in the hull. There he found the lines wedged in one of the twisted plates so that he could not free them. His suit tore on a ragged edge and soon he, too, was shivering in freezing water. "Send me a hack-saw!" he phoned.

Michels had collapsed again. The saw came down the descending line and for 40 minutes he sawed, till at last the piece came free.

"Pull up on Mike's lines."

They pulled. Eadie saw that their lines had fouled of one another's. Tracing his own lines he got them free and reached out for Michels. He was not there! Something bumped his helmet. His hands gripped the other's shoes. Michels was being blown up. As he was unable to control his air pressure, his suit and helmet were becoming over-inflated. Eadie pulled him down. Again the lines became tangled by the swirling water, and when he had separated them again, Michels had once more disappeared.

A telephoned order told him to come up. He had been down nearly two hours.

"Where's Mike?"

"You are ordered to come up!"

As they pulled Eadie out in the pitch black winter night, he swung his electric lamp over the tossing water. There lay Michels, blown to the surface. The leak in his suit had kept it from bursting. A sailor leaped over the rail, grabbed him, and got him on the diving stage by which he was hoisted aboard. His suit was frozen so stiff that it had to be hacked off with heavy knives. He had been under three hours and 20 minutes. None but Eadie, who himself had been under pressure, could stand the heavy pressure necessary for Michels in the recompression tank. So Eadie, himself ready to collapse, nursed him till the pressure could be reduced and others could work over him.

Eadie, who has been diving for 19 years, told me that he did not think he had done so much. "Any of the lads would have done as much for me, or you," said Eadie.

Women Can Have Both

Condensed from the *Delineator* (March, '28)

Ella Winter

FIFTEEN years ago it was still a burning question among girls whether they would take a job or sit at home and wait for the prince. Marriage or Career? Today those girls do not choose. They take both. And the question has become: How make both go successfully?

In spite of recent discussions, a married woman in a job is not a new phenomenon! Nearly three-quarters of the world's married women have worked for centuries. In fields, factories, shops they have toiled and sweated. Chinese women and children work side by side in the same factory (which is one way to get your children looked after). In France and Italy every peasant woman works in the fields the year around, ploughing, harvesting, carrying wood, making wine and oil. And they continue to have families.

Who would expect a childless woman with a small apartment to sit at home all day? Modern kitchens and labor-saving implements, nursery-schools and summer camps, have made the home no longer a full-time job. Women are driven to fill in their spare time.

Many women of the last generation, which was just beginning to face this problem, and who are unhappy today, feel that it is because they married either too early or too late. One woman I know had a brilliant career till her thirty-third year as a journalist and lecturer. She married and found that for 12 years her time was taken up with home and children. She is now 45 and "I married too late" is her complaint: "If only I had married ten years earlier I'd have been through with all this slavery long ago, when I was still young and fresh enough to continue my career. Now I haven't the energy to start all over again."

Another girl was married at 18. She bore three children, and now at 34 is a

healthy, energetic woman, no longer needed by the children who are all in boarding school. "What am I to do with my leisure?" she cries. "I have no special aptitudes or training. I cannot go and start a career now. If only I hadn't married till I'd had some life of my own."

Today girls who wish to avoid both these pitfalls start out with a job for the first few years and do not marry till they have satisfied in some degree their natural craving for "a life of their own." Then they are better prepared to know what they want in addition to marriage.

If women are increasingly going to combine marriage with out-of-home occupations, they will have to think more carefully about what it is they really want, and then proceed to select both husband and job with that conscious aim in mind, just as today many women decide the number of children they will have. If they do that with jobs, one big cause of discontent will be removed. Many people, seeing women with jobs who are not happy, chirp up with, "There—as usual women don't know what they want. Of course she ought to be married. The poor thing really wants to be running her home." Of a man dissatisfied with his job they say, "He's got the wrong job—an imaginative mind tied down to mechanical work!"

In other words, if a man is unhappy in his work, the job is a "misfit." Why not the same argument for women? "Charming women," says a critic of women in business, "failed, not because they lacked intelligence, but simply because business did not interest them at all." Exactly. And if these women had had jobs in which their charm and culture could have been put to account, as for example, in social or artistic work, their problem might have been settled.

Girls give many reasons for going on with work after marriage. "It will give me some interest outside of baby's new tooth and the unpaid butcher's bill," says one. "My husband won't be able to say he earns the living while I sit at home with my hands in my lap," says another. Several want to go on having that sense of achievement, that delight in attacking new problems, which routine housework does not give. Others want "to go on meeting men and women independently," as one does in business. Nearly all want an independent bank account. "Money I have earned by my own work and can spend as I like."

A census form in England states that a woman who is running her own household must fill in her occupation as "None." What this attitude has done to make woman dissatisfied with a home job is incalculable. How many men say, "I do not want my wife to work," when what they mean is that she should supervise the household, meals, economy, upbringing of the children, their schoolwork and home occupations, and incidentally, bear them.

To make women content with work in the home (if they do not wish to continue work outside), I believe the home must be publicly recognized as a job, on a basis of equality with other jobs, made interesting, related to other activities—and paid like any other job. Women themselves can do much in this direction. A case will show what I mean.

One of my friends continued her studies, after college, in a German university, making a notable contribution to psychology. She returned to marry a young mining engineer, and they went to live at the mines deep in Mexico, far from places where she could continue her own work. But with her trained clear mind, she studied mining, methods and processes which her husband needed in his work, but had not time to study. She kept him posted on the latest experiments. When he gave up that work and took over the management of a huge ranch, she changed her science, but not her interest.

Other women might have complained of the isolation, the boredom. This woman set to and studied agricultural economics, weather cycles, stock-raising. Again she kept her husband posted. "She gave me

the meat of the articles," he said, "when I was too tired to read after 14 hours of a cowboy's day." She is now raising by methods perfected by herself, fruit, poultry, bees, and pigeons, which yield her an annual income. When the children came she added child study to her reading; adapted Montessori methods to her needs; and studied with them ants, birds, insects, flowers. She leads a full life; her children's college friends love to spend their vacations on the ranch and discuss with her their problems, and hers has been for 30 years an ideally happy marriage.

This woman's experience shows how most of the qualities and faculties anyone has can be used in and about the home. Anything a woman has learned in outside work can be turned to use in her leisure time. She can make all her contacts with people fruitful and stimulating.

Moreover, when her children have ceased to need her, a woman who has never stopped training herself through her married life, utilizing her gifts and knowledge, will find that, if she wishes to, she can enter many jobs, and be a useful public servant; she will have more to give than an immature girl with little experience or knowledge of life.

There is no need to cry chaos in this period of changes. The world is coming to a better breed of women. All this intense thinking by women on their problem, all their various experimentations with it, their successes and failures, are developing a biologically better type of woman, stronger, more intelligent, better educated, more courageous. The simpering miss of half a century ago, who could not join her man in outdoor work or play, who knitted when he smoked and fainted when he proposed, is passing, and in her place is coming the capable, straightforward, all-around girl, interested in education, sports, suffrage, jobs.

Woman's new problem is solvable. Some women solve it by sticking to their home and broadening and deepening it as a job; some have solved it by taking with both hands both a home and an outside occupation. Wherefore—the most fascinating conclusion of all: each woman's problem is really to find out which solution to choose for herself.



Why I Support Smith

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (February, '28)

Henry Morgenthau

I HAVE been asked to state why I, who am not a Catholic nor a Wet, nor a member of Tammany Hall, favor the election of Alfred E. Smith.

The simple truth is that if Governor Smith, instead of having been born in Oliver Street, of Catholic parents, had first seen the light of day in some Protestant parsonage, nobody would doubt that he would be the next President. Except for the disability of his religion—speaking politically—Governor Smith is so towering a figure in public life that his election to the Presidency would be a foregone conclusion.

This disability, in my opinion, amounts to less than nothing. As Governor, Mr. Smith has, if anything, leaned backward in his determination that his religious faith should not color his official actions. There is no evidence whatever that it has influenced his appointments, his legislative recommendations, his vetoes, his exercise of the pardoning power, or any other of his acts. On the contrary, there are dozens of instances where he has honored Protestants and Jews, often where they were not even of his own *political* faith. Governor Smith has only two tests of a man: Is he able? Is he honest? He has only two tests for a law: Is it right? Is it sound?

Furthermore, those who fear a Catholic in the White House should be reminded that the President is not an Emperor. The Protestants have a safe majority in the Supreme Court, in the Senate, which numbers only 5 Catholics among its 96 members, and in the House, which numbers only 39 Catholics among its 435 members. Protestantism is safely entrenched.

Religious tolerance has become an accepted fact in every field in America except politics and social life. The Steel Corporation, with a Protestant Board, did

not hesitate to elect Mr. Farrell, a Catholic, as its president. When the New York Central needs a president, who cares that Mr. Crowley is a Catholic? Or who considers Mr. Schwab's Catholicism when buying stock in Bethlehem Steel? Science, too, knows no boundary of race or religion. In art, music, or literature, who interrupts his pleasure to inquire into the religion of the artist? Only in politics are prejudices dragged forth to cloud the issue.

But I have too much faith in the fair-mindedness of the great body of citizens to believe that they will allow bigotry to close their approach to this truest representative of the common man who has risen to public eminence in my lifetime. If Protestants were all intolerant, Mr. Smith would not four times have been elected Governor of New York, for that State is preponderantly Protestant in spite of the large Catholic population in the cities. Most Protestants know that Governor Smith holds his patriotism dearer than any imaginary religious influence in his politics.

The native ability of the man was conspicuous in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915. Elihu Root and other brilliant public men were members of that convention, but Alfred E. Smith towered above them. He alone in that convention knew every aspect of State government, from the functions of petty officials to the intricacies of legislative procedure and the details of writing a workable statute. He was not merely the most adroit member in getting agreement with his views; he was also the most profound in reasoning out what views to hold. He emerged from that convention acknowledged to be one of the greatest theoretical and practical experts in government. His four terms as Governor have confirmed that estimate.

The man who can have the Chief

Magistracy of the greatest State at will, the man who can evoke majorities for or against amendments to the State Constitution by speaking in favor or in opposition, the man for whom many Republicans cheerfully throw overboard their lifelong allegiance to party, the man whom hostile legislatures cannot circumvent when he carries his case to the people—such a man possesses instinctively the art of government and is the priceless servant of the popular will.

If this democracy is to continue a government of, by, and for the people, it can do so only by seizing each natural interpreter of the common people to lead its political life. If such men cannot be lifted up to the chief place in the direction of our national policies, then democracy becomes a sham; government merely camouflages the control of an aristocracy.

It is exactly such a concealed minority control which is the gravest danger confronting our nation in this highly materialistic age, when America is the beneficiary of a prosperity unparalleled in history. Business success has become a religion to millions of people. Never before has the temptation of material riches been so alluringly held up before the eyes of a nation. The danger comes when the desire for private gain shall conflict with the best interests of all the people, and it shall be found that private rapacity is entrenched with the favor of government, while common people stand helpless. If the Republican party continues in office another four years it will strengthen the idea that the national government is intended mainly to be an instrument for fostering our national prosperity, rather than to be the ark of our liberties and the guiding parent of all efforts to equalize opportunities and duties among all citizens of the democracy.

National prosperity would not be endangered by Mr. Smith's "advanced" ideas about human rights as compared with property rights. I have never heard a single New York business man complain that any act of Governor Smith's has caused the slightest injury to business. The fact is often disregarded that our recent years of abundance have come from no political legerdemain of the Republican party. They came from the sudden metamorphosing of the United States into the greatest world power. Another cause

of our prosperity was the derangement of European business.

Another cause was our seizure of a permanent foothold in South American markets while Germany and Great Britain were at war. Another cause is our tremendous development of machine power. And one of the most important causes is the Federal Reserve Act, which sustains and stabilizes all the others. Not one of these things is an achievement of the Republican party, whereas some of them are distinctly the achievements of the Democratic party.

Governor Smith offers to the common people of the United States an opportunity to seize the services of a man without fear, one skilled in practical government, who is, at the same time, the embodiment of themselves—their plain living, their aspirations for a richer outlook, for a fairer distribution (within sound economic law) of material blessings, for a more equitable distribution of the burden of taxation, for a sounder conception of equality before the law.

The man who for four terms has brilliantly filled the second most important executive office in America need not fear the most important one. Not only has Governor Smith the practical skill, but he has the courage to apply his skill. He has faced unhesitatingly the power of the Hearst press and the Hearst political machine within his own party. He has faced unshaken the powerful financial interests that have several times mistakenly attacked him for his labor policies. Governor Smith knows only one interest in his State, and that is the interest of the whole people. He has even freed himself from the influence of Tammany Hall—the home of his first political efforts, the foster-mother of his political life. He has loyally retained personal friendliness with that home of his youth, but politically he does not concede to it any right to control his aims or policies.

His character, his previous appointments, and his political judgment all show that if Governor Smith were elected President, his Cabinet and diplomatic representatives would be able men of proved ability. As President, the natural desire of Governor Smith to justify his choice in the face of the prejudices that have handi-

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Why I Support Hoover

Condensed from *The North American Review* (January, '28)

Hon. George H. Moses

THE natural sources from which to seek a President are the Congress, the Governors of the States, and the President's Cabinet. Under circumstances as they now exist, the last-named group has seemed to me the proper group from which to make the choice which will insure the continuance of the essential policies under which the country has been so prosperous and so contented.

Among this group one man stands forth clearly as having had a larger experience and in a wider executive field than any of his associates: Herbert C. Hoover.

Hoover had come into the Cabinet following, and as an almost direct consequence of, a great career in executive positions in the fields of private enterprise and quasi-public life. All of his mature years had been spent as a mining engineer, as a directing force in large business organization, in administering Belgian relief, and in carrying on the work of food conservation during the war. He has thus been always in an occupation where it has been necessary to bring together large numbers of men—and women—to mould them into a compact and efficient organization, to demonstrate the largest possible tact and consideration, to secure the greatest return for each dollar expended, to stand up for the representative rights of those whose interests were in his charge. Is not this a catalogue of the major requirements for the successful administration of the Presidency of the United States? If a man has succeeded in doing all these things in other and varied fields of endeavor, and has done them superlatively well, why has he not the basis of past performance to warrant his serious thought of the Presidency?

To these we may now add another chapter of achievement. The Department of Commerce over which Hoover presides is the catch all of the Govern-

ment. In it are substantially a dozen more or less unrelated bureaus, dealing with subjects as diverse as mining, aviation and fisheries, so that it may be said to function in the heavens above, in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth. Into it have been cast all these diverse elements, as into a crucible, and the Hoover solvent has fused them into a homogeneous executive substance whose fluid, yet stable, power functions effectively in far-flung fields. There is no friction in the Department of Commerce. One hears there no screech of slipping belts, no squeak of complaining pulleys. The well-oiled, well-adjusted machine proceeds efficiently amid all its complexities of function.

In producing this result Hoover has not, as some think, merely filled his Department with selected chiefs and subordinates who know no will but his. It is true that all who have ever served with him anywhere have soon become imbued with a sense of his compelling mastery of his task, and this, together with his eminent sense of fairness, his willingness to take counsel and his friendly consideration, has bred a wonderful loyalty in all his associates.

Hoover is a horse for work. As if the routine duties of his Department were not enough to engross his activity, we find him taking on many other duties which his chief or his own sense of service have laid upon him. He has become the "trouble man" of the Administration. A coal strike, a flood, each widespread in its disastrous effects, finds Hoover dispatched to the scene to find or to administer the remedy. And numerous organizations, not official in their nature but no less national in their character, find him as a moving spirit.

It is surprisingly easy to secure a Hoover reaction almost everywhere. Among business men, among laborers, among farmers,

among women voters—even among politicians—Hoover sentiment has long existed and is growing. The business men have long recognized Hoover as one who comprehends their problems and who wants to help in solving them properly. The laboring men have found him sympathetic and helpful in all his efforts to adjust and ameliorate their conditions. The real farmers have seen him as an intelligent student of their affairs and seeking for a real remedy for such genuine ills as they have. The women of the country have always been with Hoover. The work which he conducted and for which he marshalled them in war time touched that vein of sentiment of helpfulness which all women possess; and, seven years ago, they constituted a large part of that impressive popular support which he had in the preliminaries to the campaign of 1920.

The politicians have been slow to see in Hoover anything of a kindred fellowship. They doubt his partisanship and they especially doubt his quality as an organization man and his willingness to "play the game." They cannot have observed him

very closely in these last six years. Hoover himself has said: "I am a partisan member of my party." He has vigorously declared his belief in the two-party scheme of political control. He has not attempted to upset the accepted order. I am sure he will not do so as President.

There is much political map-making these days. Most of it proceeds on the theory that a few leading candidates will dominate the Republican convention and will at last devour each other. Then the dark horse will be brought out to claim the blue ribbon. This is good political reasoning in general. It has one present flaw, however: We intend to make Hoover so strong between now and June that nothing of this sort will occur.

And—more than all else—he cannot only be elected but reelected in 1932. Hoover will give us such an Administration that we shall hold and augment all those elements which have combined in two successive campaigns to give the Republicans their unprecedented majorities. That is why I support Hoover.

Why I Support Smith

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capped him would prompt him to be as tolerant and impartial as it lay in his power to be. I am convinced that he would call to his aid the highest talents that could be gathered.

I have no patience with the complaint that Governor Smith is not an accomplished expert upon agriculture, or upon the international affairs of Europe, or upon other great problems. What newly elected President ever was such an expert? Why did Coolidge and Roosevelt rise to national emergencies with adequate remedies, instantly and skilfully applied? It was because they were masters of government, which means they were masters in

dealing with men. They knew where to go for sound information, they knew what men to trust, they knew how to translate newly acquired knowledge into practical acts of government.

Governor Smith is the hope of liberalism in America today. *If elected he will undertake to give us a government for all by one of the people.* Furthermore his mere nomination will render a great service for our country, for it will force the Republicans to nominate their most liberal candidate or face certain defeat. If the Democrats do not nominate him, the reactionary group in the Republican party will name a mediocrity and elect him.



What a Mother Should Know

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan (March, '28)

George A. Dorsey

RECENTLY, through my interest in the relation of childhood training to maturity, I have closely observed two children with their mothers. One is a girl of seven—a tyrant who rules one father, one mother, one grandmother, one aunt, and three servants. She really rules; her whim is law. The boy is the same age. He is even worse off than the girl, because the world at large will less readily put up with his whims and pettiness than hers. There is no reason why the world should, but the world does. This boy is also a tyrant, and quite devoid of what we call manners. He has been so pampered, indulged, fondled, and spoiled that the natural manhood we expect to find in a boy of seven has had no chance to develop.

These two youngsters are typical of why thousands of young men and young women, and even elderly men and women, fail: they cannot stand on their feet against a gale because they never learned to stand on their own feet in a breeze.

It is easy for a mother to become so emotionally wrought up over her child that she cannot see it with the naked eye or give it the chance it needs. Neither mother of these two children realizes what she is doing for her child. I suspect they would both be insulted if told that they are spoiling their children because they are not willing to take a stand. Both mothers are no doubt annoyed and at times much distressed, but when it comes to a question of restraining these children it comes down to "Mother's precious darling," and Mother's precious darling knows how to get his or her way.

We must remember the plain fact that, in maturity, we do not "put away childish things." The mother who recognizes the significance of that fact can prepare her boy or girl for the hard knocks of life.

Biologically, the mother is responsible for so bringing up her child that when adolescence comes that child can start a home of its own—and start it on its own economic, social, moral, and physical resources. But the mother who would assume this responsibility wisely must realize that the child learns to walk alone only by walking alone! The difference between teaching by order, rote, formula, or advice, and teaching by the child's doing it, is fundamental.

These two particular mothers are victims of the high cost of keeping up with the Joneses. They command servants' rooms and a garage, but no nursery; neither boy nor girl has any room, lot, or spot where he or she can manipulate things to the joy of fingers and the delight of eyes. Both children are hard pushed for natural outlets of surplus steam. If the boy were left alone in a shed with some soft pine, a saw, a hammer, and some nails, he might saw off a finger, but nine fingers would carry him farther on the road to a happy and useful life than the coddling he now gets.

Any mother can see how habit forms as a result of physical repetition, but often she fails to see that the child's emotional nature likewise gets set in its ways by repetition. Any normal infant will cry when in pain or when hungry, but suppose the mother, every time she picks it up to look for a pin or nurse it, pets it, and makes a fuss over it. That infant has learned the value of crying, nor will it require much brain to learn to cry for the fondling there is in it. The ways a baby can learn in six months to get what it wants are nothing short of incredible. And the capacity of a year-old boy or girl to rule an entire household is hardly less astounding.

The two youngsters of my illustration are demanding attention all the time,

usually by doing something Mother does not like. It seems ridiculous, but it is literally true that many a child of six finds it easiest to get Mother's attention by doing something which calls for a "Don't!" The boy especially is "don't-ed" fifty times a day—and enjoys it hugely. The punishment should fit the crime and must follow immediately—it then becomes emotionally tied in. A little rap over the knuckles at the proper time will do more to correct deportment than all of Father's ragings or Mother's tears hours after.

When these youngsters enter a room everybody present must know it. If slamming the door does not suffice, there is a cackle or a whistle or a stamp of feet.

So it is that middle-aged men and women demand attention at every little upset. There are thousands of such adult persons who literally never have learned to get along away from their mother's apron strings. Their mothers may be dead, but in every crisis they revert to childish ways. They must be rocked to sleep, somebody must hold their hands, rub their brows, or feed them the kind of "pap" they learned to depend on to get out of trouble. The tragedy comes, of course, when a husband or a wife says: "I'm tired of living with a baby; I'm off!" or when the head of the firm says: "This job needs a man; you're fired!"

It is easier for the average mother to give in to a child than to correct it, easier for her to become the child's slave than to thwart it or see it cry. She does not realize that she has taught it to cry, or that she has made herself the child's slave. She speaks scornfully of nagging mothers, but the difference between a nagging and a coddling mother is the difference between two ways of spoiling a child.

Another kind of mother raises a timid child by using fear as a weapon of control, as a labor- and time-saving device to keep the child out, or keep it off, or keep it still. She tells stories to illustrate what happens to bad children and who gets them when they "don't watch out." Harassed by household duties, afternoon tea, or her bridge lesson, she has little time to guide the child's activities. She finds fear a mother's friend.

The child grows up in an atmosphere of goblins, ghosts, bad men, and devils. And the mother thinks she has done her duty with a comforting caress and a "There, there; Mother won't let the bad man get her Little Precious!"

The sex education of the child is enormously important and is generally avoided as if it were the plague. This is not the place for details, but the mother who lies about or evades such matters, or leaves such education to servants or to the street, endangers the child's future. Frankness does not mean forcing matters on the child's attention; it does mean never letting the child's natural curiosity become morbid, shamefaced, or prudish.

Curiosity is natural; the child without it is unnatural, or has learned to keep still to parents about certain matters and look elsewhere to satisfy its curiosity. It soon learns what meets with approval, and governs itself accordingly. If plain or fancy lying buys approval, or wards off wrath, the child readily learns plain or fancy lying or both.

The mother may not know her letters, she may be intellectually flat-footed, but she can so train her child that it will be an eternal joy to her and will command a capital it can draw against till death. But she cannot lay the foundation of that kind of character by deceiving the child, or by making a pet or a nuisance of it. No man worth the powder to blow him up ever had that kind of mother.

To take the crown and the homage which belong to them, mothers do not need rights. They need only use their power: power to educate men to be less brutal, less selfish, less vain; power to educate women to be more valiant, more self-reliant, more independent, more natural. Through their children they can rule the world. Conceivably, if the mothers of the world were to conspire to rear their sons for the profession of peace and decency, fair play and give-and-take, war on earth would become as extinct as dinosaurs.

Suppose women intelligently assumed the responsibility and used all the power nature has put into their hands—what a world this might be!



The Great Sports Myth

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (March, '28)

John R. Tunis

I HAVE an English friend who some 30 years ago was the champion of a little golf club situated on the Sussex Downs. He went out as a subaltern in the Boer War and lost his left arm there, incapacitating himself for further golf. With zeal he turned to tennis, developed a good game, and in a few years was one of the best players in the local club. When the Great War came somehow he wangled a commission and, leading a battalion into action, lost his right leg. My last meeting with him was during the winter of 1927, at a British Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club on the French Riviera. He had learned croquet and was by then a low handicap player, pressing the club champion closely.

That man, I submit, is a sportsman. He knows the thrill of real sport, of playing not for championships, cash, or publicity, but simply for the love of the game. Everyone knows the thrill of it! A long cross-country walk with a dog; three close sets of tennis; a foursome on a day when the course is uncrowded and the sun shines high above—this is sport, real sport, the expression of the sporting spirit at its highest. On these occasions one finds that complete and satisfying relaxation of mind and body which is such a perfect solace. Umpires? Referees? The need for them does not exist. One takes it for granted that a sportsman is also a gentleman. All that is best in sport is found in these friendly encounters upon the golf links and tennis courts of the country.

But of late years a curious fiction has grown up throughout the nation regarding sport. It is doubtless caused by confusing the effects of friendly sport with those of the great highly organized competitions that are held each year from January to December. For this fiction the sporting writers are largely responsible; in their al-

together human effort to glorify their trade they have preached that all the values to be found in informal athletic meetings are present also in these huge sporting spectacles. All competitive sport, so they tell us, is health-giving, character-building, brain-making. Its exponents are young heroes; their qualities have been tempered and steeled by the white heat of competition, purified and made holy by their devotion to sport. Thanks to the daily press there has grown up in the public mind an exaggerated and sentimental notion of the moral values of such sport, a fiction which may be termed The Great Sports Myth.

The sports writers regard the whole sporting panorama with an almost religious seriousness. When we are asked to rally to the defense of the Davis Cup the appeal is as solemn as if our national life were in the balance. On the evening before the Harvard-Yale contests at Cambridge, even the sedate *Boston Evening Transcript* writes upon it as fully and sententiously as if it were a Presidential election.

It is depressing to peek behind the scenes of The Great Sports Myth. For the plain truth emerges that organized competitive sport is not character building. It even seems to me that excessive participation in competitive sport tends to destroy character. Under the terrific stress of striving for victory, victory, victory, unpleasant traits of all sorts are brought out. The player's self-control is broken down oftener than it is built up. I know this is heresy. Yet if football, for instance, is the noble and character-building game it is supposed to be, why, I wonder, is it necessary to station an umpire, a referee, a field judge, a head linesman, and a half a dozen assistants to watch zealously every one of the 22 contestants in order that no heads and no

rules may be broken simultaneously. It is significant that last December, after what the press called the most successful football season of all time, Columbia refused to speak to New York University, Harvard was still holding aloof from Princeton, and the Navy was in the act of severing diplomatic relations with the Army. All on account of this uplifting game!

Have you ever heard of Fight Week? No? Let me explain. One of the most famous and successful of football coaches instituted Fight Week when he discovered that his charges needed a moral stimulus to take them through their big game victoriously. Fight Week consisted of five days of practice in the middle of the season when fight was indeed in order. Murder was forbidden—but little else. In this hard, bruising physical contact boys acquired the abandonment of body and soul to the gods of war necessary for the big game. Such a felicitous idea was Fight Week that it soon became an annual institution—not looked on, is it necessary to say, with any great feeling of delight by the victims.

"*Nerve Tensed Stalwarts Keyed up for Supreme Effort of Season.*" So ran a headline last fall. Tensed they certainly are, whether on gridiron, or court, or river. The intensive strain of modern competition, and the glare of publicity created by press, the movies, and the radio, wear down the nervous tissue of the average competitor. How else can one explain the petulant outburst of Mr. Walter Hagen on his return from England several years ago when he had failed to win their golfing title? Or the performances of the normally charming and urbane Mr. Tilden on the court? He will glare at a linesman who dares give a decision against his belief; before thousands he will demand the removal of the offender; will, in short, do things he would never think of doing were he not so intensely concentrated on winning.

Nor is it just to single out Mr. Tilden. Mr. Norman Brookes of Australia, was by many considered the greatest tennis player of all time. During his Davis Cup match in 1914 with McLoughlin when he lost his first set, the gallery enthusiastically applauded McLoughlin, and Brookes promptly clapped his hands to his ears and

held them there. More recently it was amusing to watch Mademoiselle Lenglen's strenuous efforts to avoid defeat during her reign by remaining out of tournaments in which she seemed likely to be beaten. And these, mind you, are not the actions of youngsters new to sport; they are the actions of champions. Concentrating as they must to win, they hardly know what they are doing or saying.

Another tenet of The Great Sports Myth is the time-worn belief that international competition in sport strengthens the bond between nations and individuals. It usually does nothing of the sort. Only those who have taken part in international competitive sport of some kind know this to be a fact. Yet surely it stands to reason that if two football players from two of the oldest and largest colleges in the United States will indulge in fisticuffs before 80,000 spectators in their big test of the season, there is little enough chance for a general kissing match at an international reunion like the Olympic Games. In reality, the Olympic Games breed contention.

When, as these games approach, I hear the usual mouthings about the great good they do to international relations, I am minded of a small paragraph from the *Paris Auto*, the great sporting daily of France. Translated exactly, it reads: "M. Moneton, the referee of the match between the Racing Club de Calais and the Stade Roubaissienne, thanks the members of the Racing Club de Calais team for saving his life directly after the match."

The French at Olympic contests dislike the English because of their natural athletic aptitude, the English in turn are jealous of the increasing ability of the French in sport, the Italians and Scandinavians are at swords' points, and everyone unites upon the one common ground of hating the United States athletes. Our victories are far from making us adored. One team from this country was ordered, to protect them from bodily harm, to remain indoors after nightfall. These marvelous Olympic Games which do so much good in promoting international understanding!

Several years ago a representative of a British university made a tour of the colleges in this country to find out the reasons for our success in athletics. His

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Somewhere the Sun Is Shining

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (March 10, '28)

Roger W. Babson

"**I** HAVEN'T made a cent in this business for three years! Shall I pull up stakes and move into some more promising line?"

The answer, in most cases, is emphatically—No.

The most important economic rule for the business man to remember is that the sun of prosperity is always shining on some section of the country and on some industry. If your original analysis of the situation was correct and the locality's long-pull trend is upward, don't be upset by temporary clouds, for the sun will break through again. Once you grasp this economic principle you will best appreciate the value of good, old-fashioned STICK-TO-ITIVENESS.

It is well to remember that each industry passes through three stages:

First: the period of initial growth, such as witnessed in the automobile, radio, and other industries.

Second: the period of readjustment and shakedown to a more solid foundation.

Third: the long period of normal growth.

History shows that when an industry reaches the third stage it will frequently pass through periods of depression as well as prosperity. When a slump comes, does it mean that the leaders of this industry should give up the ship? Of course not. The law of action and reaction teaches us that it is only a question of time before an improvement will take place. *The chances of making good are as favorable in the industry that is depressed as in the industry that is prosperous.*

There is a definite tide in business, swinging from prosperity to depression, and back again to prosperity. Many economists believe that if business increases for three, five, or seven years, then the next three, five, or seven years must

necessarily bring depression. Most analysts prefer a modification of this theory: that any INFLATION in business or prices must be compensated for by a corresponding area or amount of DEFLATION, after allowing for the natural growth of the country. Intensity as well as time enters into this theory. For example, six years of moderate prosperity might be balanced by three years of severe depression.

It should be noted that every state, every business, every industry, has an action and reaction of its own and that these do not synchronize or keep in step. Hence "the sun is always shining somewhere."

Today the business sun is shining on New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, South Carolina, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, California and Texas. It will shine as prosperously on other states in the normal tide of things.

A year ago steel production reached a new record; but to-day the output is 30 percent under that figure. In 1926 the cotton textile consumption was disappointing, but the past 12 months have brought a marked improvement.

A year ago the great agricultural section of the Northwest was sadly depressed. The reason was low prices for what the farmer sold, and high prices for what he bought. Thousands of farmers gave up and came to the cities. Their sun was behind a cloud. A few months ago the agricultural sky began to brighten. The prices of the leading crops have increased, and that same section is becoming prosperous.

Cycles are permanent because they are an expression of human nature. Yet, just as engineers grade a roadbed by the cut-and-fill method, so business men can grade the business cycle by rounding off the

humps (the reckless inflations) and filling in the holes (the needless depressions).

The method is simple and practical:

1. When business soars into what everybody knows is a speculative boom, responsible leaders can refuse to plunge into expansion. They can flatly refuse to double or triple their plants. Merchants can say no when tempted to bid up prices to ridiculous levels.

2. On the other hand, when business is flat on its back, both manufacturers and merchants can have the courage to say: "Yes, we will go ahead. We will make and market at these bargain levels." Thus they may reap a handsome reward for a real service. *Courage is the most profitable commodity in the world.*

3. Eliminate waste! Temporary extravagance may give business a false stimulus, but we pay the price when depression comes. Every man, woman, and child

can help here. To squander money, merchandise, or time is to take the shortest road to woe and want.

4. Keep your eye on your business's individual trend. Know definitely what is happening, and act intelligently instead of blindly.

Moreover, don't be a fatalist. Do not wait idly for the sun to break through the clouds; instead, punch a hole through the clouds and let the sunlight through. Never think of business in total and say, "Business is good" or "Business is bad." Rather, single out the industries which are active and emphasize the fact that "those lines are enjoying good times."

The truly big business man is not necessarily the fellow with the biggest balance sheet. He is the one with vision broad enough to see the bright spots and with courage to convert his vision into assets, and local sunbeams into the sunshine of national prosperity.

The Great Sports Myth

(Continued from page 740)

report on returning to England would make even the most hardened believers in The Great Sports Myth pause and think. In one college he discovered that the town's butcher had been enrolled as a member of the university because he had exceptional ability as a football player. Everywhere, so he says in his report, the stadium was pointed out to him with more pride than any other building in the university. He was enlightened about the "jackpot" subscribed by wealthy graduates in their efforts to attract the best possible material in order to turn out winning teams. He described with horror how a great Eastern university spent \$250,000 between September 1st and the last of November on a losing football eleven. What, he asked, must a winning team have cost?

But there are signs that the whole thing has gone too far and that a reaction is setting in. Sir Philip Gibbs, a man who has played the most bitter of all games, war, sums up the situation in England as follows:

"It is good to play the game. I believe

in it. It would be a bad day for this country if we lost our interest in sport, and especially that form of sport which is played on a village green, on the common where the grass wears thin, on a tennis court behind a row of suburban houses, on a golf course which the city man can reach on a Saturday afternoon, and in the playgrounds of the public schools. It blows the cobwebs out of our eyes, keeps our nerves steady and our tempers sweet, and is the best cure for the drudgeries of life.

"But sport is not a religion. It is a healthy amusement. When it becomes the purpose of life, instead of a recreation, it is a weakness rather than a strength, a folly rather than a virtue. . . .

"Let us at least acknowledge that the sportsman, however fine his qualities, however wide the pattern of his tweed, however long his cigars, is not necessarily the noblest work of God, and that there are other types of manhood—the doctor, the artist, the scientist, the scholar, the singer—who are as much worthy of public recognition."

Cricket Pugilists

Condensed from the Scientific American (January, '28)

Berthold Laufer

OF the many insect musicians, the most expert are the crickets, which are well known on account of their abundance, and the habit many of them have of seeking shelter in human habitations.

Of crickets there are three distinct groups, known as mole-crickets, true crickets, and tree-crickets. The first named burrow in the ground like moles. The true crickets are common everywhere, living in fields or even in our houses. They usually live on plants, but sometimes feed mercilessly upon other insects. The eggs are laid in the autumn and hatch in the following summer. The greater number of old insects die on the approach of winter, though a few survive the cold season.

It is only the adult male that sings; the young and the females cannot chirp. The male produces his chirping by raising his wing-covers above his body and then rubbing their bases together so that the rough undersurface of one wing-cover scrapes the upper surface of the lower. The sound is, of course, not a true song, but a mechanical production, as are all the sounds produced by insects. It may be a love-song, or an expression of some other emotion, but whatever its origin, it seems to develop into a purely mechanical practice.

The Chinese have for centuries greatly admired and valued crickets for their singing and fighting qualities. The curious life-history of the cicada was known to them in early times, and only a nation which had an innate sympathy with the smallest creatures of nature was able to penetrate into the mysterious habits of the silkworm and present the world with the discovery of silk. The praise of the cricket is sung in the earliest Chinese popular songs. The keeping of crickets to

enjoy their concerts seems first to have originated with the women of the imperial seraglio, who kept them in golden cages. The custom became fashionable and gradually spread till many people carried little cages in their bosom or suspended from their girdles.

Crickets are now raised in many Chinese homes, where several rooms may be stacked with jars which shelter the insects. The rich employ experts to look after theirs. As soon as you enter a house like this, you are greeted by a deafening noise which a Chinese is able to stand for any length of time.

The owner of crickets may carry a favorite in a small decorated gourd in his bosom wherever he goes, and in passing men on the street you may hear the shrill sound of the insect from its safe and warm place of refuge. The gourds keep the insects warm, and on a cold night they receive a cotton padding to sleep on. The tympanum of good singers is coated with a bit of wax to increase or strengthen the volume of sound.

It is a common sight to see idlers congregated in the tea-houses and laying their crickets out on the tables. Their masters wash the gourds with hot tea and chew chestnuts and beans to feed them. Then they listen to their songs and boast of their grinding powers. Chinese cricket books give many elaborate rules for proper feeding which vary with the different species and with every month.

The fighting crickets receive particular attention and nourishment, a dish consisting of a bit of rice mixed with fresh cucumbers, boiled chestnuts, lotus seeds, and mosquitoes. When the time of the fight draws near, they get a tonic in the form of a bouillon made from the root of a certain flower. Some fanciers allow themselves to be stung by mosquitoes, and

when these are full of blood, they are given to their favorite pupils. In order to stir their ferocity prior to a bout, they are sometimes also compelled to fast.

In the course of many generations, the Chinese have developed a breed of fighting crickets. The good fighters are believed to be incarnations of great heroes of the past, and are treated like soldiers. Kia Se-Tao, a minister of state in the 13th century, wrote a full treatise on crickets. He says that "rearing crickets is like rearing soldiers." The best fighters are dubbed "generals" or "marshals" and seven varieties of them are distinguished. The good fighters, according to Chinese experts, are recognized by their loud chirping, their big heads and necks, long legs, and broad backs.

The "Generals" are attended with the utmost care and competence. The trainers, for instance, when they observe that the insects droop their tiny mustaches, know that they are too warm, and endeavor to maintain for them an even temperature free from all draughts. Smoke is supposed to be detrimental to their health, and the rooms in which they are kept must be perfectly free from it.

The experts also have a thorough understanding of their diseases, and have prescriptions at hand for their cure. If the crickets are sick from overeating, they are fed a kind of red insect. If sickness arises from cold, they get mosquitoes; if from heat, shoots of green pea. A kind of butterfly known as "bamboo butterfly" is administered for difficulty in breathing.

The tournaments are for heavy-weight, middle and light-weight champions. The wranglers are always matched on equal terms according to size, weight, and color, and are carefully weighed on a tiny pair of scales at the opening of each contest. A silk cover is spread over a table on which are placed the pottery jars containing the warring crickets. The jar is the arena in which the prize fight is staged.

As a rule, the two adversaries facing each other will first endeavor to flee, but the thick walls of the bowl prevent this desertion. Now the referee who is called

the "Director of the Battle" intercedes, announcing the contestants and reciting the history of their past performances, and spurs the two parties on to combat with a tickler.

The two opponents thus excited stretch out their antennae which the Chinese designate "tweezers," and jump at each other's heads. The antennae or tentacles are their chief weapons. One of the belligerents will soon lose one of its horns, while the other may retort by tearing off one of the enemy's hind legs. The two combatants become more and more ferocious and fight each other mercilessly. The struggle usually ends in the death of one of them, and it occurs not infrequently that the more agile or stronger one pounces with its whole weight upon the body of its opponent, severing its head completely.

Cricket-fights in China have developed into a veritable passion. Bets are concluded, and large sums are wagered on the prospective champions. The stakes are in some cases very large, and at single matches held in Canton, are said to have sometimes aggregated \$100,000. It happens quite frequently that too ardent amateurs are completely ruined in the game.

Choice champions fetch prices up to \$100, the value of a good horse in China, and owners of famous crickets travel long distances to meet their competitors and match their champions. Some amateurs delight in raising them by the hundreds in the hope of producing the champion of the champions of the season, who is honored with the attribute of Grand Marshal.

The names of victorious champions are inscribed on an ivory tablet, sometimes in letters of gold, and these tablets like diplomas are religiously kept in the houses of the fortunate owners. On its death a conquering cricket is placed in a small silver coffin, and is solemnly buried. The owner of the champion believes that the honorable interment will bring him good luck and that excellent fighting crickets will be found in the following year in the neighborhood of the place where his favorite cricket lies buried.



The Greatest Living Americans

Condensed from *The Red Book* (March, '28)

Emil Ludwig, Author of "Napoleon," "Bismarck," etc.

WHAT impresses us Germans most about America is not its money, its films or its prize-fights—not its staggering output of machinery, or press dispatches—not its soaring skyscrapers. Not its quantity, not its accumulation, but its spirit of emprise, and that alone.

While I am sitting at my desk, I hear from the sky a humming, rushing sound which quickly grows to thunder. Through the mist, calm and sure as a bird of passage, an airplane projects itself. Who invented this thing? Whose spirit is hovering above me? Many brains have contrived the artifice since Leonardo da Vinci drew the plans of it in the days when the sun was still revolving about the earth. But the first beings a quarter of a century ago to maintain themselves aloft in a contrivance heavier than the air, the first, five years after their initial success, to fly two hours and 20 minutes—these were the brothers Wright. And if the palm of victory belongs to both of them, this last summer one of the brothers was still alive to see his spiritual descendant, Lindbergh, fly across the great ocean.

The German Lilienthal, a spirit close akin to the Wrights, failed to achieve practical results, and was thus forced to surrender the fairer half of fame. And rightly, since the sublime quality in Wright is after all not the lightning-flash of genius; it is the immensity of perseverance, the sure faith in reaching the sought-for goal, the courage to risk again and again one's life.

This is no man who plans inventively in his laboratory, but a being who makes anew daily tests of his discoveries, ever barely escaping the jaws of death. What is more, the Wrights were without the greatest of all helps to courage—youth. For when they attained the objective of their desires, they were close to 40 years of

age. And when Orville Wright undertook at Fort Myer his trial flight above Washington, to soar in the presence of Government experts, he was 37 years old. On this occasion he fell, breaking hip-bone and ribs, sustaining a concussion of the brain, remaining unconscious for days.

But a year later success had come, and for the first time a Wright plane was flying over the edge of an ocean. Everything we were forever hearing about the Wrights somehow held the imagination captive. All rumors concerning them were so practical, so original and so bold that they might have come straight from the pages of Homer. For here, we felt, were heroes, which is to say beings who conquered the difficulty of life by spirit and courage.

Rockefeller in a way is the direct antithesis of Wright: he invented nothing, discovered nothing, never threw his life on the scales, gave the world no new civilizing agent—and yet he appears a genius, although the richest man in the world. For he has founded a world power, without being a general or a dictator—a power more mighty than many a state, in which he is of primal influence and strong enough to defy the mighty state that bore him.

But Rockefeller did not gain his power by lack of scruple; he won it above all else because of his spirit of emprise and his imagination. He who undertakes single-handed so mighty a battle with the state and society, he who comes off victor in such a struggle against the people, cannot be simply the adventurer and corrupter whom Roosevelt vainly tried to drag before the bar of justice. Such a being must rather be a man of great combining genius and flashing penetration, who bursts upon the darkness and suddenly illumines it.

Rockefeller's life is rich in such creative moments of activity. When in the early

60's thousands were thronging the Oil Creek region of Pennsylvania to bore for crude oil, this 23-year-old youngster decides to buy the oil, refine it and sell it again, and so avoid all the risks which beset the wildcatters. Thus with calculating insight he derives the major profits of the hot struggle. Soon after this he realizes the cogency of the idea to pipe oil to the place of its consumption. Since, however, he cannot control sufficient funds to carry out the plan, he joins forces with his business enemies—an act which his day considered revolutionary. Before he was 30, Rockefeller had already begun his long and successful war on his chief opponents, the railway magnates. Ten years later he founded the first trust—the prototype of all modern trusts. Likewise he was the first to organize on a vast scale both production and disposal.

And all this without vanity, without placing himself in the limelight! From his invisible desk he conquers China with a master-stroke; he remains unseen when he is ordered by court to pay a fine of 29 million dollars; when he receives the news, he says: "It will be a long time before this fine is paid." And he never did pay the money. If it be true that he is pious, then he must feel himself to be one of those world missionaries whom fate has chosen first to take money in ruthless fashion from their fellow-men only to restore it again to them in the way of wisdom. At any rate, at the age of 90, he enjoys the good fortune of those whose youth has been so far forgotten in their age that men finally come to make saints of them.

Jane Addams looks like Goodness personified. What she has accomplished in Chicago has never been accomplished by any individual in Europe, nor by groups or societies. When she was 20, she saw with horror what forms human existence took on, what sufferings guiltless beings must endure. In the epoch in which the Rockefellers are uniting all their imagination and energies in order to heap together money and make a power of it, the Addams' are assembling all the strength of their hearts and their heads to collect money and transmute it into human happiness. . . . She devotes her life to her lowliest brothers. And although Rockefeller's life is closing with an infinitely

greater number of furthered existences, with a much larger sum of human happiness which he with his money has created in his old age, yet history will never award to him the palm which the contemporary world is already beginning to offer Jane Addams. The heart that beats in Hull House, the self-denial which it contains, the flame which it feeds, are imperishable; and this woman has as the exponent of a definite other America done more to win the respect of the Old World for the New than all the bank directors and magnates of the metropolis.

When I multiply the inventive spirit of Wright, the organizing talent of Rockefeller, the humanity of Addams, the result is Edison. Here is genius and naïveté, shrewdness and good breeding, industry and imagination. And all this is not transformed into power, not into enjoyment, wealth and a somewhat embarrassed benevolence, but a light at night in uniting peoples, in the transmission of voices, in moving pictures, in cement houses, and all of this from one pole to another, all of this for the billion of human beings who inhabit the earth. If we speculate as to the living being to whom the world owes greatest gratitude, no one can compete with Edison. Let one dismiss from his mind everything that Edison has invented, and how much poorer is the earth in happiness, comfort, safety and stimulation! The objection that many of these things were invented before him at least in principle, and therefore presumably would have been perfected if he had never lived, may be raised against Caesar or Lincoln as well; it could likewise be said of a beautiful woman that her mother had brought her ready-made into the world—that she needed only to develop herself.

Human life is full of such leanings; seeds of talent are hidden in everyone. But what first constitutes greatness is continuity, growth and change, faith and perseverance, industry, taste and dignity. A half-dozen minds had really made the great discoveries that today bear Edison's name; but he alone of all of them had the enormous perseverance, the ever-wakeful gift for combination; he dared and outlasted the tireless tests, their failures and their new beginnings.



The Sexual Relationship in Marriage

Condensed from *The World Tomorrow* (March, '28)

Frederick Harris

THERE are few personal problems of deeper concern to men and women today than the sexual adjustment in marriage. Marked sexual maladjustment issues frequently in profound nerve disorders, in shattered partnerships, and in pitiful spiritual degradation. But this is probably not the most significant phase of the problem. The real tragedy is that such a large number of people are muddling along so aimlessly that the sexual relationship instead of being an enriching experience remains a generally disappointing and recurrently a disruptive element in the partnership.

Sexual matters are not often treated rationally, even in an advanced civilization like America; and the result is that we live in a dim twilight beneath heavy clouds of prejudice. The relation of the sexual impulse to the association of a man and a woman in marriage remains confused because we do not analyze our experience. What we receive from Nature is a powerful and imperious organic impulse. But we have omitted in sex education to instruct youth as to how this disturbing drive can be brought successfully into harmony with other elements in marital experience.

How can such an integration be achieved? I believe that the issue cannot be evaded by any vague "spiritualization" of sex. Shall we not rather look for our salvation in drawing the sexual relationship into the circle of true partnership by making it a genuinely shared interest? This means that, instead of seeking personal sexual satisfaction, each partner shall endeavor first to consider the other in order that perfect mutuality shall be established. The essence of mutuality is that the whole experience—from the first caress to the climax of sexual intercourse—shall mean essentially the same to both and shall bring the same enduring satisfaction to both. I

am aware that perfection is not within the range of human possibility, but *we can achieve as near an approximation here as in any other adventure in sharing.* It is proper that both partners shall understand the import of all their acts, that they shall ascend the heights of sexual emotion as nearly abreast as possible, and that each shall attain the fitting and necessary sexual climax which is essential to mental and physical well-being. I have no illusions as to the difficulty of this achievement, but the only alternative is that one partner shall satisfy his or her desire at the expense of the other. It is such experiences which create that disgust of the physical act which mars the life of so many women. Buoyed up in the early days of marriage by the force of a deep love, later on such women come to feel more and more keenly a desperate bewilderment about, and a sharp recoil from, a passion which they are called upon to serve without sharing. It is strange that in an enlightened age all this should have to be set down; but I have talked with a number of earnest and intelligent married men who do not even know whether or not their wives have ever experienced, in sexual intercourse, the climactic release of nervous tension technically known as an orgasm. With all their sincerity, such men must be set down as having little intelligent concern for the sexual interests of their partners. There is nothing really shared under such circumstances.

The ideal sexual partners are those who have sized up the character of their problem. As they are utterly frank with each other elsewhere, they are utterly frank with each other here. They have studied together the facts about each other's bodies and the characteristic psychological reactions of men and women. They understand that adjustment between their

mutual moods must determine appropriate times and seasons for sexual satisfaction. They have not an atom of fear of each other. In all high emotion there must be a sense of abandonment, of perfect freedom; and such daring freedom is theirs because each understands that the other is not grasping selfishly at his own delight. There are many phases of love, but these phases come together in the purpose of affection—the desire for unity with the beloved. The sexual relationship may play its part in enriching and perfecting unity. In its due season, it may represent, above every other relationship, the most intimate and delicate sense of oneness. As a glance of the eye or a touch of the hand or the graceful homage of a kiss—sensuous things all—become not only symbols but part and parcel of affectionate expression, so sexual intercourse, the most intense of all sensuous experiences, may be a most perfect expression of mutual love. Sexuality as it appears in acts whose purpose is merely to satisfy one's own demands tends to be cruel and relentless; but when it appears as a purpose of two partners to share an experience with each other, it is the handmaid of tenderness. This is the ideal experience. There can be little danger of unserviceable sexual behavior when the sexual life of each partner is the object of the other's intelligent and affectionate concern.

The chief difficulty in realizing this sort of relationship is our curious reluctance—due to the habit of strict reticence regarding sex matters—to admit social intelligence into the case. We speak about Nature showing the way. But the kind of sexual intercourse I have been discussing is not “natural” at all. It is as unnatural as street-cars or Shredded Wheat or a Beethoven Symphony. It is the product of human patience, intelligence, skill. The sex behavior of the lower animals and of undeveloped races is more or less casual, largely self-centered, and quite probably violent. Such behavior serves a purely procreative purpose, but it does not enrich the experience of sexual mates. This mutuality in the sexual relationship is an artistic achievement and artistic achievements do not just happen.

There are less ponderable obstacles. Wide differences in time of sexual response between man and woman, instability of emotional mood at certain times, odd little crotchets of time or place or conversation or preliminaries that, trivial enough in themselves, may grow in this particular experience into matters of extreme significance—the list could be multiplied. But such obstacles are nearly all surmountable by patience and skill. Because we insist upon exaggerated reticence, men and women bear in uneasy fortitude what could be readily removed by intelligence. Again I repeat, this is not an instinctive procedure, but a delicate and personal adjustment as artificial as any other superior spiritual achievement of mankind. It must be learned properly: good intentions are not enough here. It is well-meaning blundering which so often produces that unfortunate conflict of experience between affectionate husband and wife which seems to separate the physical act from all spiritual context; and love is left painfully to climb up out of the pit into which it has been so heedlessly hurled.

Much has been written about the monotony of monogamy. But if the perfect sexual adjustment enshrined in the marital partnership brings a common happiness to both partners, there is insurance against monotony; for the very essence of sexuality is its tidal ebb and flow. “The first fine careless rapture” is recaptured, recaptured again and again; we celebrate once more a vital and enduring unity.

It is my conviction that the achievement of this sharing of the sexual experience tends to become so satisfying to the partners that their sex problem is settled within their partnership. Sexual irregularity for such partners no longer appears in their desires. I am told by those who have had the opportunity to examine many cases that under such circumstances sexual love may continue up to the threshold of senility. It is a beautiful idea that marital lovers far beyond middle age should be able to warm themselves in an emotional experience recalling all the fine romance of the first flush of youth. There is always a rich reward for the pains we take in trying to perfect a personal relationship.



Cut Loose Your Personality

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (February, '28)

French Strother

MADAME DE STAËL, an outstanding personality of the Napoleonic era, was the most popular woman, socially, of her time, though she was not beautiful. She said, in her old age, that her social success rested upon two phrases: Whenever a caller entered, she exclaimed, "At last!" When a caller departed, she exclaimed, "So soon?" No wonder people called! Her way of letting them know that she loved their society was a part of Madame de Staël's rich personality.

Personality is not made by imitating the clam. If people don't show pleasure when they feel it, if they don't let out what is inside them, the world naturally concludes that there isn't anything inside.

We would not go far wrong if we thought of "personality" as "the outgivings of personality." That word "outgivings" goes to the heart of the matter. Often what seems commonplace to one person may be absorbingly interesting to others. To ourselves, our hopes and feelings, our joys and sorrows, seem trivial or dull, and we do not set them before our friends. Yet within us are scores of perfectly presentable ideas and human emotions; and as long as we keep them bottled up within, we keep inside ourselves something which, if expressed to others by word or act, would add to their knowledge of the real "us" and so build up our real "personality" in their minds.

The simplest things express personality, provided you show them on the outside. President McKinley loved white carnations, and frequently wore one. This habit gave him a touch of individuality. The Prince of Wales persists in dangerous riding in spite of bad luck, and his persistence is part of his personality.

Being different for its own sake is not the thing. Being different by honestly

letting one's natural inner self show on the outside is the real secret of personality. "Be yourself" is the first commandment of it; and "act yourself" is the whole law of it.

The commonest impediment to the expression of personality is diffidence. Too many people forget that a certain healthy amount of self-assertive egotism is an essential part of character. The work of the world is not done by those who are forever apologizing for doing it. People who have brains and integrity are under a moral obligation to make them effective, and the only way to do this is to express the ideas and take the consequences. This fulfillment of a duty to oneself brings with it a growth of personality.

Theodore Roosevelt's life illustrates another way by which personality can be developed. Roosevelt was intensely interesting to other people, very largely because he was so intensely interested in them. He liked to know what they were doing, and how and why they did it.

When someone around him "did a good job" Roosevelt not only exclaimed over it, but called in others to tell them about it. He made people around him feel that they were more important and useful than they had thought themselves to be, and, consequently, he himself took on a fresh importance and interest in their eyes. It was his large-minded and big-hearted selfishness that did this for him.

He was big enough, and sure enough of his own worth and ability, to be immensely thoughtful of others, to be able to see things from the other fellow's point of view and try to help him succeed in life. This outward expression of an inner generous spirit made him beloved and admired.

Roosevelt did another thing that anybody else can do, each in his own degree. He widened, to the limits of his time and

energy, the variety of his interests. He was forever studying something new, and was widely read in history, travel, poetry and fiction, and in special fields like hunting and fishing. These gave him not only subjects to talk about but, more important, subjects to listen about. Nothing delights the soul of man more than a chance to tell somebody else something he knows, and nothing gives that man a higher opinion of your intelligence than your willingness to listen to him. Roosevelt was usually well informed on what the other fellow was talking about, so that he listened intelligently; at the same time he was so full of intellectual curiosity that he enjoyed listening.

Lincoln, like Roosevelt, was an essentially generous man. He asked much of his fellow men, but he gave more than he asked. He had that largeness of mind that made him know that he who gives, gets. Lincoln might have said, as did another wise man, that his success was due to his "ability to change the subject." Lincoln knew well the tendency of human nature to "take sides" in any discussion, to oppose whatever view has been expressed by someone else, precisely because that view has been expressed first; he knew that discussion turns to argument, and argument into a stubborn wrestling of wills which closes minds to the merits of the question itself. In such a situation Lincoln would almost invariably say, "That reminds me," and then tell a funny story. "That reminds me," became an inseparable part of Lincoln's personality. But he had a serious and important purpose in being amusing. Time and again he was able to "clear the air" by provoking a laugh and thereby getting people to return to rational thinking after a bitter argument.

The art of "changing the subject" can be practiced in as many ways as there are persons to practice it. If you will develop your own way of doing it, you will automatically develop a new way of revealing your personality to others.

Some of us may object to the idea of "practicing the art" of personality. It may seem that there is something not quite honest about the use of conscious art in human relationships. But this is not true if the art is rooted in thoughtfulness for others, which is the case in all the expressions of personality I have described. Every personality that anybody would care to imitate or rival is a pleasing personality, and the wish to please is at least half for the purpose of giving others pleasure as well as ourselves.

Living is an art, and it can be practiced artistically with as high sincerity as Michael Angelo practiced the art of sculpture. To wish to carve out of the shapeless mass of our natures a personality attractive to others is certainly no less worthy an ambition than to carve a noble figure from marble. And it requires no less of conscious art to do it.

It should, then, be accepted as a duty we owe to others as well as to ourselves, to show that "outward and visible evidence" of that "inner and spiritual grace." "Be yourself—enlarge by study and good feeling the riches of your inner life. Act yourself—study the arts of giving outward expression to those riches. And you will find that most of the difficulties in the way of expressing them will disappear if you will develop the habit of thinking about the other fellow instead of about yourself—of asking yourself, "What will interest him?" "What will be useful to him, or make him happier?"

Self-consciousness will be swallowed up as your mind becomes absorbed in him instead of in yourself. Diffidence will disappear. That "muscle-bound" feeling in your own spirit will relax as you forget yourself. And you will automatically "act naturally," because you will not have your mind on yourself, or what you are doing, at all. And when you act naturally, the real you is showing itself outside, and your real personality appears in the eyes of others.



Triumphs of Radio's "Hams"

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (March, '28)

Alden P. Armagnac

"HAMS" they call themselves. Dots and dashes flashing through the ether are the conversation of 16,000 of them throughout the country. No tame evening spent before a loud-speaker satisfies them. After supper you will find one of them in his attic "radio shack," clicking the key of his homemade transmitter. His sleeves are rolled up, his head phones are clamped on his ears; as he presses his key he converses with a friend thousands of miles away. Call cards acknowledging the talks are exchanged.

Not everyone knows that the radio "hams" are part of a coast-to-coast, and, lately, a world radio network, as highly developed as any commercial radio chain.

What part do these amateurs play in radio? Independently of all commercial stations, they link the United States and most of the world. They will gladly transmit for you, without charge, a message to anyone, anywhere. They keep newspapers informed of what is happening in isolated places, promote world fellowship by the friendly interchange of messages between continents, and by experiment constantly raise the art and science of radio above the high point where they have already largely helped to place it.

Wires were down in Vermont, not long ago. Through the crackling static flashed a sputtering CQ—"anybody answer."

Arthur Kent, at Binghamton, N. Y., spun his dials by chance to 40 meters. "CQ," came a faint call, and Kent seized his key. "8BTO standing by," he shot back. "Go ahead."

In a whirl of dots and dashes, from Ralph Harris, IBEB, came the first direct news out of Montpelier, Vt., since the flood hit it—of people marooned on the roofs of houses, Lieut.-Governor Jackson dead in Barre, bridges, roads, rails washed out.

8BTO acknowledged message after message, some for help and others to relieve anxiety of relatives, until one A.M., when Harris sent, "You are my only contact out of this city. Power off, electric light plant under water. Using doorbell batteries. Done all we can. Guess . . ." His messages, forwarded to Washington, set in motion the agencies that brought relief to the stricken area.

Another amateur, at station 1BDX, flashed the first direct news from Barre, Vt., another, in Connecticut, quit sending only when the water was coming over the top of his table! When city electric power failed, some amateurs sputtered away with motor car spark coils. A Vermont amateur's signals weakened, then came back clear. "Just kicked the batteries out of water," was the laconic explanation. The Army Signal Corps is compiling the names of amateurs who will be officially commended for the part they played in this crisis.

When a tornado raged down on Murphysboro, Ill., an emergency call appealed to C. B. Harrison, operator of the only radio transmitter near by. Up into the forbidden wave channels of broadcasting stations the amateur tuned his wave. Every listener heard a ghostly voice break into the evening program, giving news of the calamity and urging doctors and nurses to board a relief train on its way to the stricken town. How that train, jammed with workers, brought relief to stricken Murphysboro is now history.

Donald Cadzow, ethnologist of the Putnam Baffin Island Expedition on the schooner *Bowdoin*, flashed a radiogram from polar seas to amateur station 8DNE, Auburn, N. Y., to give the first news of the Arctic discoveries that changed the map of North America. "Personal messages from home," the explorer said, "were flashed over the mountains and ice fields to the expedition by Charles Heiser's radio station,

Auburn, in an uncanny way, when even the greatest stations of the country could not be heard." They gave the explorers the novel experience of reporting their discoveries minute by minute and receiving radioed congratulations from home.

In national emergency, such as war, the "hams" would form a reserve communication chain of inestimable importance. Both the Army and Navy Departments are testing plans for cooperating with the "hams."

The world is a small place, any "ham" will tell you. William Mackay, distinguished New York mural painter, converses regularly with a friend in Cape Town, South Africa. G. F. Gaede, of Paterson, N. J., recently picked up a message from Liberia, forwarded it to the Department of State, and sent back the Department's official greetings. Many American "hams" belong to the "WAC Club," composed of those who have "worked" all continents.

In 1928 more than 5000 new amateurs applied for licenses. A new language has sprung up, a curious, abbreviated code. Here is a sample:

"Ur sigs QSA OM fb . . . hw do u lik mi spk? . . . tt's gd cuming fm u . . . sounds lik mi YL singing hi C . . . hi . . . sa cudn't u drop in sum nite es wk sum DX wit me? . . . tonite? . . . cul . . . best 73's."

When translated, this becomes:

"Your signals are coming in strong here, old man—fine business! How do you like my spark? That's good coming from you—sounds like my young lady friend singing high C (laugh). Say, couldn't you drop in some night and talk to some distant stations with me? Tonight? See you later—best regards."

In 1922 an American amateur in Greenwich, Conn., succeeded in transmitting the first amateur trans-Atlantic message, and ten other amateurs were also heard by eight British "hams"—all this with extremely low power, less than a kilowatt, and with grasshopper-sized antennae.

"Wouff hong" annoyed the early operators. A wouff hong is a typically garbled, unintelligible phrase from an inexperienced dot and dash operator, and its real significance is the local interference that has all but disappeared with the

abolition, except for emergency, of the old-fashioned, sputtering spark set common in 1914. "Hams" conceive the wouff hong as a mythical, air-lurking beast whose staticlike growls disrupt transmission.

For the first time in history, on the evening of November 17, 1924, two amateurs on opposite sides of the Atlantic were talking with each other. Station IMO, in West Hartford, Conn., heard a radio flash from Leon Deloy in Nice, France. He replied and for two hours they conversed. Now the international amateurs use conventional signals, such as "QRK," meaning, "I am receiving well," while they brush up on their foreign languages.

The amateurs had been relegated to wave lengths which the commercial companies considered of no value such as those below 200 meters. But these low waves in the amateurs' skillful hands proved the most efficient of all for long distance. The "hams" were able to use as short wave lengths as 20 to 40 meters to talk around the world!

When the International Radio Conference met recently in Washington to settle new problems, the fate of the amateurs came before them. America knew the value of amateur radio, and the United States was the amateurs' friend. Secretary Hoover commended them. Canada, Australia, and South Africa, where amateurs were powerful, were friendly. But broadcasting stations of other countries were greedy for the very waves the amateurs had developed.

The Conference's recent decision is an unprecedented endorsement of the amateur. Now the radio amateur has international status and recognition. Radio "hams" the world over have the exclusive use of two of the most useful low wave bands, strips at their regular wave lengths of 20 and 40 meters—which are forbidden to commercial and even to government stations! Besides receiving the right to share two wide bands used largely for radio phones instead of dot-and-dash transmitters, amateurs are given, too, the free use of all waves below 13 meters.

In this dark unexplored region of radio they hope to make new advances as striking as those of the past. Already their international tests are under way with waves as short as five meters!

Integrity

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (March, '28)

John Erskine

INTEGRITY is one of the introspective virtues. It has less reference to society than to yourself. We try to achieve it among men, but we should need it even in solitude.

It is the art of being wholly one's self, of being an integer in life. It is what the ancient Greeks were talking about when they spoke of moderation. Nothing in excess meant to them nothing below what they were capable of and entitled to, and nothing beyond.

When we say integrity, we usually have in mind honesty of some sort, reliability, trustworthiness. But though these meanings attach themselves to the word, they are secondary. The kind of honor which integrity implies, is a godlike self-sufficiency. Man is one world, and has another to attend him, says the poet. When we cultivate integrity we begin by dreaming of a world within us which shall have all the rest of life as attendant and servant.

The Greek formula of moderation, the golden mean, the nothing in excess, remained an ideal for Western conduct through the Middle Ages, as it has been an ideal for centuries in the Orient. Indeed, the ambition to be nothing but one's self has always distinguished Eastern thought, rather than Western. It was during the Renaissance that our Western civilization turned its emphasis on the first half of integrity, and forgot the second half. Man's one fear seemed to be that some of his talents might not be used, and apparently he had confidence that all talents were latent within him. Since the whole of life was his inheritance, happiness, he thought, could lie only in the consciousness of having grown to his utmost stature. A poet like Marlowe spoke for his age when he gave us in *Tamberlane* the portrait of a man who sought after unbounded power, and whose only failure was that old age stopped

him before he had achieved all the dominion he aspired to. And many years later Milton set down a program of education for the average youth which presupposes the same ideal. He was willing, he said, to call only that a complete and generous education which fitted a man to perform all the offices, public and private, of peace and war. In other words, a man was educated only if he knew everything there was to be known in life, and could do everything there was to be done.

Because of this background in our inheritance, emphasized now three centuries, we are likely to understand but half the ideal of self-sufficiency. To be whole in our character means to us to have missed nothing, to have clutched at everything.

But the other half of the ideal is quite as important. If life has imposed something upon us which is not an integral part of our natures, then we are not whole, and the alien portion of us takes something away in worry and friction. We still try to educate on the Renaissance principle that all knowledge is properly ours, and that our school years should introduce us, as we say, to this large territory. School and college are introductory chiefly in the sense that they provide for bewildered and distracted youth a terrific and fast-moving panorama of apparently unrelated fields. Yet there are men about us who have achieved not only an adequate education, but even the highest kind of culture, not by starting from a miscellaneous study of the universe and trying to specialize afterwards, but by beginning with what most obviously belonged to their temperament and their capacity, and broadening out. There are men in high places today who entered the business world as manual laborers, and who by imaginative study of their immediate work have reached a superb grasp of modern thought and an astonishing control of

modern society. There are artists who, beginning with their craft in the narrowest sense, have widened their outlook and their knowledge until we think of them not primarily as painters, sculptors, or musicians, but as men richly endowed and more richly trained. They seem to have at least this one advantage over the rest of us, that all the things with which they occupy their time bear some necessary relation to their inner life. In them the prayer of Socrates seems answered—his hope that his outward appearance, his conduct and his possessions might be in harmony with what he was.

Hard as it is in a busy and complicated world to develop all our gifts, it is still harder to keep free of the engagements, the obligations, the habits, with which we should have nothing to do. Any man or woman in our country who should write down with frankness at the end of a day the number of things done, the number of engagements kept or obligations assumed, which though innocent enough were altogether unnecessary and undesired, would realize where we waste the time of which we complain there is so little. The suspicion that our friends are doing a certain kind of thing encourages us to believe that we ought to do the same. We groan, but we do it. Do they live in a certain style, or inhabit a certain section of town, or wear a certain fashion, or read certain books? Then we should be missing something, we know, if we failed to imitate them. Yet the argument against such an attitude is easy. If my neighbor's clothes are suitable for him, by that very fact they are probably unsuitable for me. Unless, of course, I am willing to maintain that there is no difference between my neighbor and me. If an amusement satisfies my friend, represents a true balance in his nature, then unless my soul is identical with his, my amusement ought to be in some respects different. If my fellows move out from a quarter of the town which no longer is the proper environment for their spirit, may it not be that they are instinctively resigning the space to me, who belong there?

We talk as though we were ultra-individ-

ualists, but we act as though none of us trusted his personality. We live in mob-like tendencies, each fearing the opinions of the others, and none of us, perhaps, reaching even a small part of that peace which wise men say comes only to those who are whole in spirit and in heart.

If, from some point of maturity, we look back on our lives and observe, as most of us must, episodes which seem properly to belong in our experience, but which were never finished, or episodes complete enough but in retrospect somewhat irrelevant to what we later became or did, then our lives, viewed as works of art, lack integrity. They are like unfinished and disproportioned statues. From such a retrospect most of us protect ourselves by cultivating blindness—we call it tolerance or magnanimity, but it deserves such fine names only when we apply it to others. Looking at ourselves we are not wise if we run away from the admonition which the sight gives us.

When we consider our future, the quest for integrity involves one constant chief problem. It is easy to think of our destiny in terms of our past—that is, as a logical prolongation of all that we have yet done. But if we review our past, we see that such a logic is not everywhere applied. How shall we know what is our proper destiny, the future which properly belongs to us? If we think the answer is easy, we should beware.

Perhaps it is dangerous in the extreme to plan our future too far ahead. At the present moment we perhaps can see ourselves as we are, and among many choices can select the one which corresponds most closely to our contemporary selves. But how can we select now the life for which we may be fitted ten years from now? It was prudence, then, in the double sense of foresight and caution, which advised us to take no thought for the morrow. The narrower kind of prudence which ties us up to a future for which we may not be suited when it arrives, is hostile to integrity. Better to look into one's own heart, and to go toward those aspects of life which one only can recognize as belonging to him.



A Grandmother Speaks Her Mind

Condensed from Pictorial Review (March, '28)

Anna Steese Richardson

WHEN I hear my contemporaries rail and rage against modern youth, I find myself wondering what has happened to their memories. Were we who were born in the last half of the 19th century such paragons of virtue? I offer here a picture of my own youth which may serve to refresh the memories of other persons now in their 50's or 60's.

My own childhood was lived in just such a period as we are passing through today, the postwar period following the Civil War. My immediate environment corresponded to that of a girl in what we now term our "best families" in a smart suburb. Taken as a whole we were an extremely stupid lot of youngsters. The slogan of our elders was "Children should be seen and not heard." They went even further and usually refused to answer our eager questions, admonishing us that we were too young to know about such things. Consequently we groped blindly, desperately for knowledge of the simplest and the greatest facts of human existence. Whatever we learned outside of school, we had to absorb, and many of our impressions were false and distorted. And at school we learned absolutely by rote. Nothing was explained. Memory was trained. Individual thinking was discouraged. Education was not correlated with everyday living.

Recently my eleven-year-old grandson remarked that the cost of coal would probably go up because several barges of it had been sunk in the river. He saw the direct connection between any sort of disaster to supplies and the cost of living. Such a comprehension would never have followed the teaching of my day.

In my girlhood we received just one line of training for marriage, and that was how to attract an eligible man, a man who could

support a girl in the way to which she was accustomed—or better.

I think I speak for thousands of grandmothers when I say that much of this talk about training our generation in the art of home-making is what the modern girl calls "the bunk." We were trained to be charming and alluring to men, and though the word "sex" was not mentioned in polite circles, the chief aim of female existence was marriage.

If there were servants in our homes, we did nothing after leaving school but dance and flirt, wreath our mirrors with cotillion favors, and stand weary hours for fittings in those days of wasp-like waists, padded busts, and boned bodices. We had absolutely no sense of civic responsibility. There was no Junior League, and young women made no contribution to social welfare. They were carefully protected from any glimpse of sordid conditions, the realities of life. And they pursued pleasure as relentlessly, as madly as any 1928 flapper, with the entire approval of their elders.

I was brought up by my grandmother who had 13 children, but we got little instruction in housekeeping. When I married a man of limited income and started housekeeping on a western ranch, I did not know how to build a fire, fry an egg, or bake bread. My husband had to teach me how to cook!

Nor were the young men and young women of my time money-wise. None of us were given allowances. You teased your parents or doting uncles for every penny you could squeeze out of them, and spent money with reckless disregard for its value. Clothes were provided as parents thought best, and we never knew the cost. It was considered common to discuss money matters in public, but in practically

every home where I visited I heard private bickerings and recriminations, charges of extravagance, and countercharges of meanness.

Today literally thousands of young women are studying the financial and practical side of home-making; budgeting the family income; buying insurance and making investments.

So much for material standards. Now what of the charge that moral standards have been lowered?

Detractors of modern youth seem to concentrate on sex-relations. I do not defend the freedom and flippancy with which they discuss sex relations, but I do hold that, in the vernacular, they have nothing on their grandparents if there is any foundation in the Biblical precept, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

I do not deny that young people today are overeducated in sex, but I am firmly convinced that overeducation is safer than no education at all. And in our day ignorance about sex was as dangerous as it was dense. We were told nothing. We imagined everything. Our enlightenment was often shocking. From such a shock one of my friends became neurotic. She developed a hatred of all male creatures, tried to kill her own brother, and ended her days in an asylum.

We too talked about sex, but secretly and dangerously. Absurd and futile measures were taken to keep us "pure" and ignorant. Personally I recall how puzzled I was because certain small garments were whisked out of my sight or kept locked in a drawer against my prying eyes. At first I assumed these were Christmas preparations; but when I saw those same tiny garments on newly born babies, the mystery deepened. Repeated rebuffs to my requests for enlightenment roused unhealthy curiosity, which was eventually satisfied by a servant girl with such hideous details that I shrank even from my own father.

All sorts of wrong and shameful beliefs grew out of our distorted ideas. Babies were a badge of disgrace until you married. After that they spelled pain and trouble. The beauty and dignity of motherhood, the social obligation to found a family, were never explained to us. In due time

you married, because if you did not you became an object of pity, if not scorn.

Youth today, it is said, has no standards, no reverence. What were the standards of our youth? What did we read, discuss, think? Only a few college "grinds" read good books. We had little real thirst for knowledge and culture. I cannot see the young people of my day reading "Mind in the Making," "The Story of Philosophy," "Damaged Souls," or "The Man Nobody Knows." We talked personalities mostly, our social triumphs, our conquests, and clothes, clothes, clothes! The "nice" girls did not play cards, and on Sunday, secular reading, games, even walking abroad, were forbidden. We went to church regularly. We knelt for family prayers and bowed our heads when grace was said at table; but all these things we did because they were habits imposed by our elders, like cleaning one's teeth.

In certain denominations and at a certain age you were "converted." During the progress of a revival you raced down the aisle to the altar, where you knelt hysterically while equally hysterical brothers and sisters in the church adjured you to repent your sins; later you joined the church and were saved. I achieved the first part of the program, but what followed was doubt and uncertainty, so that I did not join any church until I was much older.

If you do not believe that youth today is hungry for ideals and religion—not dogma and creed, but that intangible substance to which they can pin their faith—attend a conference of students when a man like Fosdick, Poling, or Gilkey preaches to them.

I hold no brief for youth; but I ask: "Who are we to criticize them?" For we are those whose repressions and secret excesses produced them. Turn the searchlight on the parents and grandparents. At the club, whose skirts are shortest, whose drinks longest, whose passion for bridge the strongest? Who crowds to the sex-plays and salacious revues. Who indorses law enforcement in club meetings and serves cocktails at home?

The pendulum of liberty has swung to license. But surely youth will swing it back. Surely it will pause at temperance and intelligent self-restraint such as the mid-Victorian era never had.

Pay Envelopes and Panics

Condensed from Plain Talk (March, '28)

James J. Davis

SOON after the close of the war, this country sank into one of its worst periods of depression. At bottom it was the result of a buyers' strike. During the war prices had risen to the peak, and quality of goods had fallen to the lowest level. After the war popular resentment over high charges for inferior goods expressed itself in a unanimous refusal to buy anything at all at any price.

One of the stock complaints among those who got up to tell us what was wrong, was that wages were absurdly too high. Nothing could move till wartime wages were cut to a figure that would permit reduction of retail prices. There was a fallacy in this. If you will count up the number of American workers, you will find that the millions of them represent the biggest buyer in the American market. Employers who were sternly demanding reductions in wages were, therefore, kicking their biggest customer in the face, and calling that good business.

After all, what the worker does is buy back from those who finance him goods that he himself produces. Pay him a wage that enables him to buy, and you fill your market with ready consumers. The well-paid maker of hats wants an automobile, and so contributes to the expansion of the auto industry. The well paid auto mechanic will buy more hats than one ill-paid. With good wages as a starting point, you may trace this expanding circle as far as you please.

Wages since the war have stayed up—and something else has happened. The worker once had the idea that if he worked too hard or too fast he worked himself out of a job. He placed artificial limits on the amount of his output. Suddenly he saw his mistake. He perceived that wealth was something which he himself produced, and that the more he produced, the

more there would be for the payment of wages.

Now organized American labor is on record as willing to run any high-speed machinery and run it to the limit of its capacity to produce—provided always that the worker is paid in proportion to his output. To boil it down, the old relations between employer and worker were those of master and man. Today their relations are those of two business men. And there has never been an era in American industry so free from strikes, so full of good-will. As a result this country has passed, in a few short years, from a state of economic prostration to better conditions than we have known thus far.

But there are the possible dangers of too much of a good thing. Are we to be threatened by over-production?

In past economic history we submitted to panics as if they were laws of nature. At regular intervals they paralyzed the country. Slowly the country recovered, and immediately plunged into a feverish boom which glutted the markets with too many goods, and brought on panic again. In those days, when a manufacturer found his sales slowing down, he cut down production, considering it wisdom to stave off over-production and inevitable business depression. Yet, all the while, he was actually hastening that very depression which he feared. The reason is simple.

In any community, the workers whose wages are reduced have been buyers at the local stores. Immediately their earnings are cut down, they become filled with uncertainty and fear for the future, and buy almost nothing. When 500 employees are laid off at a single plant, the town begins to feel at once the effect of their fear. Moreover, in the same town may be other plants, whose owners see no necessity for curtailing work. Yet the employees in

these plants, seeing what has happened to fellow workmen, take on the same fear as the men laid off, and they too cut down their purchases. Until you have seen this contagion at work, the speed of these fears and their spread is incredible. It is the beginning of panic.

But just as we learned the new economic truth that good wages mean good business, so we have learned another truth applicable to so-called over-production. In these days the enlightened manufacturer, when he sees production rising above his sales, takes a different track. Instead of closing down his works and bringing on the very fears that wipe out buying almost completely, he aims to speed up sales. He knows that if over-production does exist, one reason for it may be the faulty distribution of his goods. The new economic discovery, therefore, is not to scale down production but to speed up sales.

I believe this new way of handling the problem of rapid production will serve to make our prosperity more lasting. At least one of the old causes of depression is being discarded, and replaced by a practice that tends to create not fear but confidence. I have known manufacturers who felt that they were producing one kind of goods too rapidly, to turn to another kind of product, and in many cases, to make one that turned out to be far more profitable than the old. This experience supplies us with a valuable hint. It opens a wholly new field for the exercise of our inventive genius. I mean the search for new public tastes and needs, or the very creation of these.

Thus far American inventive genius has spent itself on speeding production of the established articles of commerce—and the results have been marvelous. The danger is that the time may come when our production will be so vast and rapid that not even the eager market we have at home can dispose of it all.

We have in this country the largest body of highly skilled workers of any people. Yet automatic machinery is slowly creeping up on our ability to employ them all. New machines are constantly appearing

which turn out better goods at greater speed, but with fewer hands to run them. Until recently, for instance, it was taken as axiomatic that no machine could ever blow glass. But the machine has come, and milk bottles cost by the gross not vastly more than they used to cost apiece. A single machine can make all the five-gallon carboys the entire country can use. When I was a youngster, learning the trade of an iron puddler the "pickling mill" of a steel-works used to be a fearful mess of acids, baths, and slop. I lately inspected a modern plant where great cranes, operated by pushing a button, shift the hot masses of metal that once broke backs and blistered hands; a man in evening dress could almost work there.

Despite the humanitarian blessings of this, there begins to be a danger. In proportion to our increase in population, it should now take 140 workers to supply the needs which 100 could supply a dozen years ago. Actually, with the spread of automatic machinery, seven percent fewer workers supply the nation's needs. In a word, machinery begins to displace the human worker at a rate that may create a class of those chronically unemployed.

The answer to the problem, as I see it, is in some parallel development of new commodities, new popular tastes or needs, and so new forms of employment. It is time for inventive genius to turn its attention in part toward an almost laboratory study of these tastes and needs, and the very creation of such needs. Twenty-five years ago anybody would have laughed at the idea that the motor-car, a toy for the well-to-do, would make itself a virtual necessity to every active man in the country. But that is precisely what has happened, not only in the case of the automobile, but with other articles not forced into being by popular demand but now regarded as articles of necessity.

Just as we have hit on two important new economic forces—good wages and sales stimulation—so I have every faith that the inherent energy, alertness, and ingenuity of our people will be equal to this new problem when it presses for solution.



Cleaning the Courts

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (March, '28)

George W. Alger

A FEW months ago, in New York, a little girl crossing a crowded highway was knocked down by a passing truck. The driver called an ambulance and the little girl was taken to a public hospital. It was found that she was very slightly injured, and her father, who had been summoned, put her on the truck to take her home. At the house they found four young men waiting for them, representatives of four different lawyers who were seeking to be retained to bring an action on a contingent fee for the child's injury. Each was provided with a printed form of retainer for use in the case. All this happened in less than an hour after the accident.

This is not an unusual occurrence. A serious case, such as a death by accident or a lost leg, will send as many as 40 ambulance-chasing agents to the home of the victim. Every possible source of advance news of such accidents is covered. The police stations and hospitals are the usual points of vantage. The money paid to police, to ambulance attendants, to hospital employees, to doctors, and to undertakers for prompt notification of accidents runs into large figures.

Quite apart from the general accident business there are specialized fields. Here, for example, is the falling-thing specialist. Every great building operation has accidents. Modern workmen's compensation is intended to make this type of accident one for insurance, for which the employer must pay his employe during his disability. The specialist, however, still finds a rich field. In each construction job he pays some worker to report to him every accident, mainly due to falling things, which occurs. An agent of the specialist then induces the injured employe to allow suit to be brought against some sub-contractor on the grounds of

alleged carelessness of his employes in negligently permitting an object to fall, causing the plaintiff to become sick, sore, and disabled and permanently injured.

One specialist in this field, I am informed, brings 1000 cases of this kind annually in New York City.

Then there is the specialist in the new semi-blackmail field, the food cases. The dealer in food products is in law a guarantor of the wholesome character of his merchandise. The restaurant or hotel keeper with an established reputation finds himself presented with a complaint from a suffering but hitherto unknown patron, who claims to have found a cockroach in the soup, causing mental and physical agony. The milkman wakes up to be sued for a mouse in the milk, the baker for a nail in the bread, the butcher for sickness caused by diseased meat.

The danger of publicity in the press which would be injurious to the good-will of the business, and the difficulty of disproving such a charge, make the defendant often ready to "settle." So large has this field grown that food dealers within recent years have been obliged to organize and report such claims to a central clearing station, where they sometimes find that the same victim has suffered from milk, meat, and soup, and the same lawyer has presented his claims for settlement, in which he has shared fifty-fifty with his client.

Court calendars today in any of our large cities show an amazing increase in contingent-fee litigation, with a corresponding increase in the number of court-houses, judges, and court attendants for which the public has to pay. The automobile, in large part, has brought about this increase in litigation. The courts are crowded by the ambulance chasers and

the vast radiation of the accident contingent-fee litigation in other fields.

The report of a Special Calendar Committee in New York shows that in the Supreme Court of Manhattan there were 9309 cases on the calendar in 1916, and in 1927 there were 29,466. Despite the increase in the number of judges, this flood causes a delay of 22 months in that court before a new case can be reached for trial. In Bronx County a new case must wait 24 months. In the City Court the delay is 16 months and in the Municipal Court 18 months.

An analysis of these cases on the calendar showed that over one half of the Supreme Court cases were accident cases, and 84 percent of those in the City Court were of like character.

If this flood of litigation is sincere, then the expense entailed to the public for their trial should be borne as a necessary burden. But is it not fair to assume that a man who demands \$10,000, which he swears is the amount of his injury, and who gladly accepts from \$50 to \$150 to settle it, is insincere in his original demand? The Special Calendar Committee showed also that the great bulk of the accident cases are brought by a comparatively small number of lawyers and legal firms.

Unquestionably these cases are the result, for the most part, not of the desire for litigation of injured plaintiffs, but of the desire for speculative fees of a relatively small number of highly organized contingent-fee law machines with hundreds of outside runners and investigators actively soliciting cases through police and hospital adjuncts—with the injured person a pawn in the process. In fact, these systems can be operated by laymen quite as readily as by lawyers, and one of the sinister features of the business is the laymen organizations of this kind, which, I have been told, flourish in the field for collecting "cases," and peddling them to the lawyer who bids highest.

The law has, in this new stream of muddy litigation, to deal with a major problem of house cleaning; of driving the traffickers from the temple of justice.

In London there are as many street accidents as in New York. No such flood of questionable litigation, however, confronts the English courts. One good

reason for this is that England (as also Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and Continental Europe) has a bar association which can discipline professional misconduct and disbar unworthy members.

Our bar associations in America have a purely voluntary membership, and are mainly social and educational. Discipline of unworthy members of the profession is no one's business in particular. Through its leaders it may preach professional ethics, but it does not function as a disciplinary organization and is powerless to enforce its canons.

Under the American tradition, lawyers are officers of the court, which may, on occasion shown, discipline or disbar them. The courts have all the powers but almost none of the disciplinary machinery necessary for what is obviously administrative rather than judicial work.

An interesting recent experiment in the suppression of ambulance chasing was made in Milwaukee. The unsavory facts of this traffic were brought before the Milwaukee Lawyers Club by a member, and a petition resulted, signed by all the directors of the club, asking the Circuit Court to exercise its power of investigation. A rigid inquisition was accordingly made, with members of the Club cooperating with the Court. Where cases were suspected of taint, the Court compelled the plaintiffs to purge them by engaging new attorneys. It took months, but it was done most thoroughly. And we are told that, by this vigorous cooperation of the bar and the bench, ambulance-chasing operations in Milwaukee have entirely ceased.

Those who believe that the American tradition is inherently defective are advocating an integrated bar, self-governing and with full power of discipline over its members. Such a revolutionary change has been made in five American states, the most recent being California, added to the list this past year.

Those who believe the old theory is adequate, and that it needs no such fundamental change, will defend their position best, not by learnedly explaining its origin and development, but by aiding the courts to demonstrate that they can and will clean house.

The Reader's Digest

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